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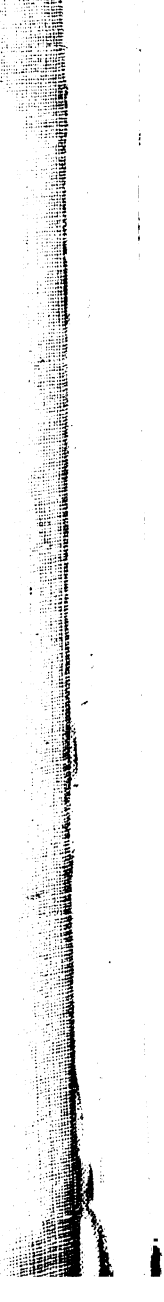

REDEMPTION;

THE

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF HIRAM;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY RICHARD GOOCH,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"* * * * * * the hour shall come
"When all these splendours bursting on my sight
"Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
"Unlock the glories of the world unknown."

ANNA LÆTITIA AIKIN.

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PREFACE.

THESE Poems are, in all likelihood, the last their author will intrude upon the world. They are published with a considerable degree of diffidence as to their literary pretension, though by the advice of a friend, a highly-gifted and successful writer. He has not, however, been without some previous assurance of capability. For when, anxious to ascertain if he possessed any power as a writer of poetry, a portion of them, together with some other pieces, not included in this volume, were submitted to the late eminent Critic, the writer of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, for his opinion, the encouraging remark was, "Let him go on; there's genius." A similar meed of approbation was, at the same time, awarded him by the late elegant and profound Italian scholar, Ugo Foscolo. That he has not before made his *debût* as a writer of poetry, may be attributed to the indifferent degree of patronage of late extended to aspirants in this seductive class of literature. Circum-

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REDEMPTION.

" 'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise."

COWPER

PART THE FIRST.

O! THOU eternal Spirit, at whose word
The glorious Heavens and prolific Earth
Rose in such perfect beauty, that Thou didst,
Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent,
Pronounce them good, and bless them at their birth;
Teach me as with a prophet-tongue to speak
Of such a perfect world, as Thou, at first,
Design'd to people with a sinless race;
That without toil or culture should have borne,
In ev'ry season, with eternal round,

Such plenteous sustenance of corn and oil,
Such aromatic herbs and healing gums,
Such precious fruits and ever-blooming flowers,
Breathing their odours on the gentle winds,
That Arab sweets pursuing them, anon,
Had fallen tasteless on the ravish'd sense;
And all the vegetable world of man,
Fruit of his patient toil and pregnant arts,
Had seem'd a barren, or a wither'd scene,
Compared to that which was decreed mankind.

That erring man may learn what he had been
Had he but walk'd him humbly with his God;
Nor sold himself to sinful servitude,
For pride, for pleasure, and for treacherous gain:
Then had he ne'er been fearfully oppress'd,
Nor halt, nor speechless; nor, more fearful,
Doom'd to beg in sightless sorrow, all his days
A profitless and weary pilgrimage:
Then had he ne'er been visited with death;
Nor witless born; nor, still more pitiful,
Stricken as maniacs, who, with vagrant words,
Mock their own sorrows in illusive mirth:

But he had travers'd all-surpassing earth,
With form erect; so fair to look upon;
So perfect, holy, just, and wise withal;
That lo! the princes of this erring world,
With their gemm'd royalties and kingly trains
Around them raying with a gorgeous pomp,
Had bow'd their ermin'd bodies to the dust,
Before the majesty of sinless man.

On these celestial visions let me dwell,
Whilst superhuman thoughts pervade my mind;
That I may picture them, in glories clad,
As if they trod upon that holy ground
Gabriel, thy messenger, unsullied kept;
Who led its fallen tenants weeping forth,
And barr'd the portal with a flaming sword.

There let my poesy in peace go forth;
And commune with the beings of a world
Holy and glorious for moral worth;
Perfect in wisdom; heirs elect of life
Eternal; ever-living with their God:
Who had not died, as sinning mortals do,
Of pleasure-bought and cankering disease;

Breeding such deadly and consuming ills,
That what the grave receives the earth-worm loathes;
But meting out such wond'rous length of days,
That centuries of years with them had pass'd
With less observance than we note an hour.
No bed of sickness, none of vain regrets,
Or penance to afflict them at the last;
But, as the angels did, in Holy Writ,
They had at once, exalted to the skies,
As was Elias, prophet of the Lord,
Upon the wings of an Almighty wind;
Or, as the holy ones of Jacob's dream,
Familiar with the regions of their God,
Ascending and descending, 'midst the stars,
Inherited the mansions of the just;
The glorious Heavens, where Jehovah reigns,
Reveal'd in such surpassing beams of light,
That were this earth a single diamond gem,
And but one eye its brightness all could scan,
It were not comparable to a ray
Of the pure glory which surrounds His throne;—
His mercy, His eternal seat and throne;
Which was, and is, and shall for aye remain,

Though all things else shall perish—earth and sky,
Sun, moon, and stars, in one vast ruin heap'd—
His is the changeless, the eternal seat,
Where angels serve and heed, with holy joy,
The God of mercy! Lo! the King of kings!
Who had, as Lazarus in His bosom laid,
Ta'en them at once to His eternal rest,
And kept them in His omnipresent eye;
More tenderly, and with more loving words,
Than fondest parents, after anxious years
Of oft-regretted separation past,
Take their lov'd offspring to their yearning hearts.
With such a perfect race my spirit joys;
And, lo! I tread the unpolluted bounds
Of hallow'd Euphrates; the sacred soil,
From which the wonder-working hand of God
Made thee, O Man! the image of Himself;
In likeness of His own celestial face;
And gave thee all things for thy sustenance;
And made thee lord of universal earth.
Well may we say, with our imperfect tongues,
That thou art fearful, wonderfully form'd.

But what might we have said and sung of thee,
Hadst thou not marr'd, with a presumptuous mind,
The heav'n-conceived beauty of thy form;
Barter'd thine innocence for sin and death;
For self-polluting pleasures, in whose train
Is premature deformity, and age;
Satiety; and loathing appetites;
And, lastly, but as little thought upon,
The cold sod-cover'd flesh-corrupting grave—
Pregnant with noisome earth-worms, that shall feast
Upon thy fallen, self-degraded form,
Till e'en the very bones themselves to dust
Shall crumble and commingle with the earth:
Nor their existence, eye nor hand shall trace
From the unhonour'd soil on which we tread;
Till the *Revealed Miracle* is wrought,
The mighty raising of the silent dead,
When the Almighty fiat shall go forth
To summon them to their eternal doom;
When, from the several corners of the earth,[1]
Each particle invisibly shall come,
And, lo! conjoining in their wonted forms,
These shall both flesh and blood, tho' decomposed,

Clothe with a just and marvellous perfection;
And man, in his humanity again,
Shall stand reveal'd before his glorious Judge—
Christ, the anointed, and belov'd of God;
Jesus, the holy sacrificial Lamb;
Who shed His sacred and atoning blood,
In ignominious tortures on the Cross,
That Sin and Death might not o'er man prevail.
How wonderful are all the ways of Heav'n—
Benign, benificent;—but chief in this
The miracle of miracles, O Man!
Which makes thee heir of everlasting life.

Such was thy mercy, O eternal God!
When Thou didst offer, to a fallen race,
Redemption through Thine own begotten Son;
For sins, irrevocable, deadly sins,
Against the majesty of Heav'n itself;
And made Him judge between Thyself and those
Who had contemn'd Thee in Thy pow'r and might.
Who shall declare the measure of Thy grace,
Or tell the glorious earthly course of Him
Who took upon Him their iniquities?

How humble,—how resign'd,—how like the Son
Of Heav'n He bore Him up against the load
Of foul rebuke they heap'd upon His head;
Ev'n those He came to rescue from the grave.—
How like a perfect creature He withstood
The wily tempter in the wilderness;
How full of wisdom were His words and ways;
How like a lamb He gave himself to death,
And bore the burthen of the fatal tree,
Ev'n of that tree to which they nail'd His hands
And sacred feet with foul impiety;—
How, when they mock'd His dying thirst with gall,
And basely taunted Him with slanderous words,
He open'd not His mouth as to upbraid;
But, as He yielded up the ghost, He cried,—
"Father forgive them, for they know me not."

Glorious perfection!—How shall tongues recount
The marvellous measure of Thy saving grace?
Thou Prince of Peace! How worthy to be Judge,
Whose life had been without a spot or guile.
Thou reign'st in glory, with Almighty God,
Ev'n in the highest Heav'ns, at His right-hand,

Where Thou shalt sit in judgement on the world:
From whence Thy blessings on the innocents,
And penitents, and just, made perfect, then,
Shall fall like dew upon the parched ground;
Till they shall glow before Thy glorious face,
As do the spreading herbs beneath the Sun,
When genial showers give them second life.

Blessed are they, for Heav'n is their reward;
But lo! the wicked shall not see His face;—
They shall, to purge them with eternal toil,
And misery and torture, to the pit—
Where the pain'd heart shall never taste of peace;
Nor mind nor senses in oblivion lie,
Permitted to expire, for pity's sake;
Even to be as they had never been:—
No, they shall rather writhe with keener nerve;
And weep, and wail, and gnash their edging teeth
In ceaseless agonies of burning woe,
Such as delight the demon-prince of sin
To taunt the creatures of his pow'r withal;
Gazing with strained eyes on Heaven, the while,
And its surpassing host of spirits, lo!

And saints and seraphs,—round the throne of God,
Joying in perfect love before the face
Of Him, their sacrifice and saviour, Christ:
But none shall succour them, the self-condemn'd,—
For Heaven and darkness have a gulph between,
Such as the demons tremble to behold:
Nor aught shall e'er redeem them from their woe,
That men or angel-tongues can sing or say.—
One,—only one,—shall move the grace of Heav'n,
The mercy of Jehovah, whom they spurned;—
One,—only one,—let all believe and love,
And honour and adore, the Christ is He!
His supplications may at length prevail,
But, ah! what bitter woes had these escaped,
Had they been first to claim the proffer'd boon,
Which God the Father gave by God the Son;
Whom God the Holy Spirit did with grace,
And ministering mercy work withal;
The proud redemption of their souls from sin,
Thro' the atoning blood of Him who died,
And rose again, the Saviour of the world.

But now a kingdom never knew of sin,
Whose dwelling is a glorious Paradise,

Perfect as Eden, and of such a birth,
Invite my song:—there let me wander forth,
My senses all estranged from grosser things,
As if I trod the realms of holiness;
Where the pure voices of celestial choirs
Are chorussing the one eternal praise;
And muse with saints and angels, face to face,
In goodly converse, upon sacred things.

High as the Heav'ns the Holy One was rear'd,
Where never sinful eye could hope to reach;
Where never royal bird had fearless soar'd
Through airy space, as with supernal pow'rs,
To gaze upon the ever-glorious Sun;
But only spirits, purified of God,
Are cherish'd and admissible: for lo!
Surpassing what the bounds of furthest space
To human understanding can portray,
Was the celestial kingdom from the earth.

How could the wingless ones, the sons of Eve,
As some are vain enough to hope and strive,
Reach such abode without the aid of Heav'n?
'Tis passing human wisdom, human pow'rs,

Sagacious as they are in their conceits,
Since Babel in its impious purpose fail'd,
To compass Heav'n, unless they would pursue
That narrow way the words immortal teach;
The only way which leads direct to Heav'n,
Thro' the unerring paths declared of God,
Repentance, and a lively faith in Christ.

For so imperfect are the words and ways,
E'en of the best of men, that none shall hope
To say, without impiety or sin,
"I am the *perfect* one shall enter here;
"The incorrupt; the incorruptible;
"The pure appointed tenant from the first."

All are imperfect,—then let all repent;
And striving to attain the righteous end,
Lo! they shall be sustain'd, whene'er they faint,
With living waters from the heart of Him,
Whose hand is stretched forth to save the world;
Whose holy countenance shall urge them on,
Till "hallelujahs" shall proclaim that they
Have overcome the struggles of the flesh:
When the broad gates of Heav'n shall be reveal'd,
In glory to their long expectant sight;

Not closed against them, inhospitable,
As if they were intruders by the way;
But open wide,—as from a thousand tongues,
A thousand welcomes shall be heard at once.

How did my spirit thirst to reach the mount
Where was uprais'd,—but, oh! alas! how far,
How far remote from where I must essay,
The glorious confines of a sinless race.
The holy City of the Great and Just
Crown'd with its awful glory that broad height,
Whose mighty bounds were all impassable,
Save to the holy ones who bode therein.
Ev'n as a traveller does at torrid noon,
When far remote from kindred and from home;
Whose days are number'd in the sandy plains
Of Africa's inhospitable wilds,
Long for the cooling shade and water-brook;
As his parch'd tongue cleaves to his bloodless mouth,
That he may lay him down, at length, and die
As if reposing on an angel's breast;
Ev'n so my spirit thirsted for the sight
Of the pure regions of a sinless world.

The peerless Queen of all created things,
Reigning within her halls omnipotent,
Sat in the portals of the glorious dome,—
Fair Innocence—in beauty passing all.
And lo! on either side, with grace supreme,
A little lower, but as perfect both,
Stood the twin spirits, Truth and Chastity:
But she alone, the prescient pow'r possess'd,
A pow'r from Heav'n was held in sacred trust,
To know the hearts of all who would approach
The hallow'd precincts of her peerless throne.
And lo! that none might pass whose souls were taint,
Which some might hope and strive, as 'twere by stealth,
Staining the threshold with impurity,
Justice, a janitor with brow severe,
Stood in her presence with uplifted arm,
And poised sword, to do her bidding straight,
Should any such invade her glorious bounds.

These were the guardians, these that city's might,
Whose pow'r was purity,—whose love was God.
How had I humbled me before her face;
Nay, to idolatry had almost stoop'd,

So wond'rous fair, magnificent withal,
Lay the bright city far before mine eyes:
So like the promis'd one, Jerusalem;
City of Selah, chosen of the Lord;
So like the splendour of that peerless bourne,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim are heard,
Unceasingly, in presence of their God;
Whose glory earth and sky, celestial, fills;
As with His praises the high heav'ns resound;
And all the blessed host their voices join,
In one eternal, everlasting song:

I.

'Hail, to the God who made us, hail:
'Hallelujah: Hallelujah:
'Hail, to the Lord and Spirit, hail:
'Hosanna in the highest:
'Let the soul bow down to Thee,
'Three in one, and one in three:
'God the Father;
Hallelujah:

'God the Son;

Hallelujah:

'God the Spirit;

Hallelujah:

'Three in One;

Amen! Amen!

'Hail, to the God who made us, hail:

'Hallelujah: Hallelujah:

'Hail, to the Lord and Spirit, hail:

'Hosanna in the highest.

II.

'Hail, to the Son, the Saviour, hail:

'Hallelujah: Hallelujah:

'Hail, to Jehovah, Spirit, hail:

'Hosanna in the highest:

'Let the soul bow down to Thee,

'Three in one, and one in three:

'God the Father;

Hallelujah:

'God the Son;

Hallelujah:

'God the Spirit;

Hallelujah:

'Three in One;

Amen! Amen!

'Hail, to the Son, the Saviour, hail:

'Hallelujah: Hallelujah:

'Hail, to Jehovah, Spirit, hail:

'Hosanna in the highest.

III.

'Hail, to the Holy Spirit, hail:

'Hallelujah: Hallelujah:

'Hail, to our God and Saviour, hail:

'Hosanna in the highest:

'Let the soul bow down to Thee,

'Three in one, and one in three:

'God the Father;

Hallelujah:

'God the Son;

Hallelujah:

'God the Spirit:

Hallelujah:

'Three in One;
Amen! Amen!
'Hail, to the Holy Spirit, hail:
'Hallelujah: Hallelujah:
'Hail, to our God and Saviour, hail:
'Hosanna in the highest.'

Such are the choral, the unceasing songs,
The tongues of angels all rehearse in Heav'n;
And such celestial melodies are heard,
For ever, in that all-enduring world,
Where lo! my spirit panted to abide.

How could I hope to reach so bright a place?
For all around its base a hideous gulph
Lay deep and wide, as 'tis from earth to Heav'n:
And far beyond, uprising to the skies,
As they had been the rock of separations, (2)
Sela-hamalekoth, from whence, O Saul!
Thou wert forbade to persecute the man,
E'en he who slew Goliah with a sling;
The man, even David, after God's own heart:

Yes, rising terribly as they had been
Sela-hamalekoth, the mighty rocks
Girded the mount, defying thee, O man!
And lo! the cunning of the evil one,
Who fain, like thee, would steal his way to Heav'n.

There, as I stood,—the mighty gulph between,—
The rocks in awful presence hanging round,
As they would fall, in judgment, on the heads
Of daring sinners, crushing them to death,
To death, eternal, in the tempter's pit,
Should they essay to pass th' abyss unshriv'd;
Lo! with oppressive dread my soul was fill'd,
As throbb'd my heart with agonizing throes,
As big round drops upon my temples stood,
Lest I might never enter me therein;
Till glad repentance hurried to mine aid,
And I remember'd all the glorious scene,
The agony of Jesus, when He took
The cup of my salvation to His lips,
And drank the bitter draught of sacrifice,
And seal'd the proud Redemption of mankind
From everlasting perjury and sin.

Then my repentant soul became assured,
More confident, as with a lively faith
In His atoning blood, I bore me up,
And felt that my transgressions were no more;
That all was peace within my troubled breast.
Then was my burning spirit so assuaged
With hope, with confident sustaining hope,
That quiet came upon my troubled breast,
Such as the Saviour can alone bestow.

Then, tow'rds the glorious city, once again,
I turn'd mine eyes, admiring without fear;
And as I still was urged with conscious hope,
Repentance, re-assur'd, with faith in Christ,
With meek and lowly spirit I approach'd
The sacred place where Innocence was thron'd.

For lo! the gulph I pass'd, released from sin
More freely than the hart o'er-leaps the brook:
Not, as when sporting in the forest glade,
Its heedless humour dreads nor horse nor hound;
But as when both are chasing in full cry,
Bounding for life to shun the hunter's toils,

So did I strive to shun the evil one;
So did my spirit, free as air, o'er-leap
The dread abyss, and scale the lofty rocks;
Till lo! I stood fair Innocence before,
A hopeful suppliant of the Promised Grace;
As with approving eye she urged me on,
Till I surprised me in the glorious throng,
Beloved of God,—redeemed of His Son.

So efficacious had repentance been,
According to the promise of the Word,
That, with a contrite heart, my soul became
One of the just, made perfect in the Lord.

Oh! how shall I in mortal words recount
The glorious scenes which burst upon my view?
Ear hath not heard, nor earthly vision seen,
Similitudes, or likenesses of such
Celestial melodies as rose in praise
Of highest Heav'n and His eternal reign;
Of such surpassing palaces and domes;
Such crystal waters; such enchanting groves;
Such temples, towering to the sacred height;

They seem'd as bow'd beneath the weight of Heav'n;
Or as the foot-stool of th' eternal God,
With whose surpassing glory they were fill'd.

Yet lo! I trembled not, nor was oppress'd,
At the bright presence of such glorious things;
All seem'd habitual to my waken'd sense,
As they had been mine own familiar dreams;
The sublimated visions of my mind,
When the remembrance of the promis'd grace,
Reveal'd of God, in balmy sleep prevail'd.
And wheresoe'er I came, ten thousand tongues
Burst forth in 'Hallelujahs!' as I'd been
The messenger of some celestial boon.
Whereat I marvell'd; for to me it seem'd,
As they did vouch me praise and honour more,
Than to the perfect ones who bode therein;
Whose dwelling it had been from mortal prime.
Who had not sinn'd, nor fallen from the faith;
But were as spotless as from hands divine
Was Adam, when he breath'd the breath of life,
And man, at first, became a living soul.
But oh! my wonder ceased at this their praise,

When I remember'd Christ himself had said,
"There shall be heard in Heav'n more holy joy,
"Over one sinner that repenteth him,
"Than over multitudes who fear the Lord."
Such was the price He set upon a soul—
Though man, alas! himself would heedless cast
His lot amongst the unredeemed sons
Of Satan and his heav'n-rejected crew.

Here were none such; for here nor sin nor death,
Nor had the tempter ever set his foot;
His pestilential foot; nor breathed therein
The words of luring flattery and discord,
As he the mother of mankind betray'd,
And wean'd her heart from purity and God.

Yet all were free, in thought and word and deed,
Within the precincts of these realms of bliss,
As are the sorrowing sons of Adam's race.
For why? their hearts were pure; their deeds were such,
As Heav'n would smile on with approving grace;
Their thoughts, too, perfect as their hearts and deeds;
And, therefore, were they never taint with sin.
And lo! whichever way I turn'd my head,
Hosts of the blessed beings met my view;

Whose countenances beam'd as they had been
Encircled with a glory, such as none,
Save Christ, adorn—as Adam's dreaming sons
Have pictur'd the anointed of their Lord.

Here was a holy, here a perfect world;
Whose ev'ry thought, whose ev'ry deed was just;
Chosen of God, and worthy of his choice;
One of whose race, a venerable man,
Whose patriarchal countenance bespoke,
That he had known a wond'rous length of days,
Tenant from first of this celestial place,
Proffer'd his suit as he would be my guide,
And bade me be his guest with welcome words;
As I, indeed, had been that truant son,
For whom the father slew the fatted calf.
And on he led me to his blessed home,
Where lo! no selfish brother grudged me bread;
But all his household, with profusive care,
Gave welcome to me and supplied my wants;
Appeased my hunger and assuaged my thirst;
And clothed me in the choicest of their vests.
And there the messengers of Heav'n the while,

Both went and came, with gratulations all,
As they, too, were the inmates of his home.
So all-familiar and belov'd of Heav'n
Was he, my host, the hoary-headed man,
Whose years outnumber'd what we note of time.

And oh! how grateful 'twas to witness here,
The harmony and love 'mongst all prevail'd:
How modest youth bow'd down before the Sage,
And drank their words of wisdom to the last,
As 'twere the sustenance their lives required.

For when their Elders did discourse of Heav'n,
Or taught the duties of a social world,
Although it seem'd as they had nought to learn;
Yet, with a greedy ear they held their peace;
And honour'd those who gave them birth and life,
As they had been of a celestial race,
With such obedient, reverential minds;
Such prompt performance, too, of what they will'd,
As make the yearning hearts of parents glad;
Whose proudest boast and blessing is a child
That looks upon them with a trusting eye,

Belov'd of God, and lauded, too, of man.
For great shall be the measure of their days,
As was the holy Patriarch's of old,
Who did not grudge his life at God's command;
But as Jehovah will'd that he should die,
Type of the Holy One was slain for sin;
He patient bore the sacrificial pile,
And laid him bound thereon, and bared his throat
To his, his father's hand, uprais'd to slay,
In prompt obedience to the will of Heav'n,
Had not an angel's tongue his purpose stay'd.

Lo! such an one, belov'd of God and man,
Was he, Josephus, whom his parents rear'd
In holy fear of the Almighty name;
Till he became in wisdom, as in years,
Comely of stature, and of perfect mind,
Their wonder and their blessing and their pride.
Born to the luxuries of life, they knew
Nor want nor misery; but lo; their days
Were prosperous all, and seem'd as blest by Heav'n;
Till he, their son, was aptly call'd a man;
And they, with added years, were old and grey.

Till then misfortune never cross'd their door,
Save when the wants of others bade them come
To claim that charity was ne'er denied.
But suddenly, alas! like those of Job,
Bereavement sad upon bereavement came;
Till bread did fail them, and, alas! till they
Had scarce where left to lay their aching heads.

How did their son demean him in such plight—
Did he forsake them, too, now helpless quite?
Alas! the heart of him was sorely sear'd,—
And oft and oft he comforted their woes,
And blessed God, that He had left him strength,
That he might earn for them their daily bread.
For lo! his hands, were never used to toil,
Which morn and eve saw rais'd to gracious Heav'n,
In holy supplicating pray'r and praise,
Labour'd unceasingly each live-long day,
To nurture those, who else had perish'd both.

Thus were his parents blessed ev'n in grief:
For until then, they ne'er had known the joys,
The overflowing, lo! the heartfelt joys,

Which God had given them in such a son;
Who was to them both raiment, food, and home;
Wealth, kindred, friends; their all in all was he.

At length a kindlier spirit than the rest,—
For many look'd upon them with disdain
Who once, when plenty smil'd around their board,—
Had ate their bread and drunk of their full cups;
A messenger from that ne'er-failing Pow'r,
Who suffers not a sparrow, lo! to fall,
But 'tis observ'd by His all-seeing eye,
Burn'd with compassion for the aged pair;
And look'd with admiration on their son;
And took them to his hearth; and lo! their lives,
Became all peaceful, as they once had been.
But still their son would strive to earn his bread—
Him to appease his kindly guardian sent,
For such he was within the hands of Heav'n,
To a far distant land across the seas.
And there he reach'd him safe, the southern shores,
And gain'd him honour, fame, and riches too;
Till yearning for the sight of those he lov'd,
He once again embark'd upon the deep;

And there anon retrac'd his devious way,
Till he his native land again descried.

How did his bosom swell with filial love,
That he a parent's blessing soon might crave.
But oh! mysterious pow'r, which will'd it so—
That very night he slept, alas! in death:—
For sudden tempest raged around their bark,
And winds and waves in dread commotion strove,
Till they overwhelm'd it on the stubborn rocks,
Where morning saw his corpse with others strewn.
But this bereavement never sear'd the hearts
Of those fond parents he so dearly lov'd;
For they had journey'd before him to Heav'n.

His kindly friend and benefactor mourn'd,
Over his manly corpse, with silent grief
And agony of heart, as he prepared
To pay the last sad offices, that lo!
Humanity demands, at mortal hands,
A meetly sepulture in holy ground.
'Twas on a summer even, calm and still,
The village church-bell toll'd at intervals,

Whose monitory tones alone were heard,
In solemn cadence over field and fell,
That forth the wanderer's remains were borne.
There was no vain display of earthly pomp;
But just as Christains should be laid in earth,
To wait the glorious coming of the Lord,
In sables silently they wended forth;
And when, at length, with solemn pace, that lo!
They reach'd the portals of the dome of Heav'n;
He, the ordained to the sacred task,
Declared the Resurrection and the Life.
Then was the funeral anthem heard, anon,
With solemn wail along the dim-lit aisle;
And, dust to dust, the body to the grave
Committed to repose its finite space.

One heart alone was wrung with hopeless grief—
'Twas her's, his benefactor's only child;
Who wept, alas! and tore her beauteous hair,
As Rachel wail'd her for her children slain,
That he she fondly lov'd was now no more.
Her hands, that she might win his grateful thanks,
Had planted flow'rs and train'd them o'er the graves

Of those fond parents he so dearly prized;
And water'd them with her regretful tears,
That her Josephus could not share her woes.
Ah! little did she dream that they should scent
The breeze when sighing o'er her lover's grave.

He was a child belov'd of Heav'n, indeed,—
Such as were those of that celestial race,
In whose surpassing regions I abode.
But oh! ye disobedient ones who are,—
For some there are, alas! who answer such
Within this fallen, sublunary world,
A very bitterness to those fond hearts
And tender breasts sustain'd thine infant years;
A bitter, ay, a bitter blighting woe
Will bring their hairs with sorrow to the grave,
Ere age has made them colourless or grey—
How shall ye answer this before your God,
Whose high commandment you have thus contemn'd?
Oh! 'tis a barb, a deadly poison'd barb, (3)
Ingratitude from children! when it lights
On a too sensitive, indulgent breast;
Perhaps a parent's tender to a fault,

Whose only crime is loving thee too well;
Have rankled in their deeply wounded hearts,
Till they have been oppress'd, alas! so sad,
That they have raving died on maniac straw.
Perhaps a mother's fond embalming lips,
The first which made sweet impress upon thine,
Have blanch'd with madness, such as taught her tongue
To ban the hour which gave thee to her arms,
Which else had been the happiest of her life!
Shall this not lie so heavy on thy soul,
That lo! thy life shall be like one accursed?
Thy days but few? and all of joyless cast?
Ponder o'er this, ye disobedient ones!
And learn to temper thine obdurate hearts
To reverence such as would become a child,
Tow'rds those who'd give their life-blood for thy sakes;
Ev'n as the pelican would rend its breast,(4)
And pour its vital current reeking forth,
Lest its own offspring should untimely die:
For know it is a sin so deeply dyed,
That he, the impious one betray'd his God,
Would scarce say 'Brother, welcome!' to thy face.

And oh! ye tender Parents; ye to whom
God hath committed it to rear that world,
From which is to be ta'en The Elect of Heav'n!
Be to their untaught souls a Book of Grace,
Of holy wisdom, and of moral gain.

So shall they flourish, like the verdant trees
Which spread their branches in the forest wide;
And lo! descending to the soil, take root,
And spread again, and lo! descend, anon,
Till they o'er-arch, as twere, the total earth:
Or like to those which cast their plenteous seed,
Upon the teeming ground, spontaneous forth;
Till they uprise, the wonder of the crowd,
A lordly forest on some Alpine height:
Or to the hand of man, who sows them wide;
Till they so multiply, that lo! the land
Seem all umbrageous and replete with life.

So shall thy progeny, belov'd of God,
Be great and numberless as is their seed;
And vigorous, too; and prized as are the plants
The cultivator proudly shews the world,
And man pronounce most perfect of their kind:

So shall they bless the number of thy days;
And weary gracious Heav'n with ceaseless pray'rs,
For added years, when thou art old and grey:
E'en as Æneas bore from reeking Troy [5]
The sacred burthen of an aged sire,
And made him partner in his safety-flight:
Ev'n as the stork attends its parent bird, [6]
Sustaining, tenderly, its weight and life,
When lo! its pow'rs of flight no more prevail;
So shall they tend thee with a filial care;
And watch thy safety in the hour of need;
And be thy stay; and nurture thy decline;
Till thou shalt close thine in such sweet death,
Thou shalt but lay thee down and take thy rest,
Till Heav'n awakes the universal world.

END OF PART THE FIRST

PART THE SECOND.

" Where God or angel guest
" With man as with his friend familiar used
" To sit in secret, and with him partake
" Rural repast, permitting him the while
" Venial discourse unblamed."

MILTON.

REDEMPTION.

"But view Religion in her native charms,
Dispersing blessings with indulgent arms."

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

PART THE SECOND.

AS when the mighty rushing wind was heard,
And cloven tongues, as 'twere of sacred fire,
Descended on the twelve, till they, at once,
Did utter divers and untutor'd speech,
In languages estrang'd from them before;
That lo! both Jew and Gentile were astound
To hear the truths of Heav'n so breath'd abroad;
Oh! that the Holy Spirit might vouchsafe,
In mercy to the darkness of my soul,

To pour its inspiration o'er my mind;
That I might breathe abroad the wond'rous tale,
As 'twere proclaim'd by apostolic tongues;
As if I were the witness of the light,
The voice of the Baptizer, as 'twas heard
In the waste howling wilderness; when lo!
The trembling nations, all astonish'd, came
To learn the coming of the Christ, the Lord:
When the high heav'ns oped their portals wide,
And, like a dove, the Holy Spirit lit
Upon the head of the Baptized Christ,
The sacred witness of his glorious birth;
And Jordan's waters from the Saviour roll'd,
And bore abroad the fiat of their God,
'This is my own Beloved Son, in whom,
'Behold! I am well pleased: hear ye Him!'

Then had I sung of thee, consoling one,
Benign Religion! Messenger of Peace!
As if I spoke with ministering tongue;
Had told the truths the Gospel Preachers teach
As I had been ordain'd to thee alone.
Then had I sung of that surpassing world,

Whose glorious bounds my spirit had attain'd,
As would become the sinless ones to hear,
In whose bright presence Heav'n had vouched me now:
With whom in guidance, as it was the hour,
Though all were hours of pray'r and praise to them,
For celebration of accepted works;
The offering of universal love,
And pure thanksgiving, and celestial song;
With humble hearts and meekly reverent steps,
And silent tongues, communing with the soul,
We bow'd us at the Altar of our God.
O what a glorious sight was there reveal'd!
Spirits of Heav'n and perfect ones of earth
In prostrate adoration, all alike
Devoutly breathing pray'rs and praise to Him,
The just, eternal, ever-living One;
Lo! Him, the merciful Omnipotent;
Creator, Saviour, Judge of thee, O man!
Thou heedless erring one, behold! whom God
Didst mould and animate for His own use:
Nor Heav'n had then a fairer thing than thou,
Than thou at first wert placed in Eden's bow'rs,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

There was not seen within their sacred domes,
The vainly proud and self-important man,
That foul abomination of the Lord;
Whose presence in a consecrated place
Is not for purposes of pray'r and praise,
For lo! his thoughts but seldom soar to Heav'n:
His is the vain display of earthly pomp,
The self-indulgent show of outward form,
For purposes which make it impious there,
For him, who has no homage in his soul,
To kneel when others give their hearts to God.
Let him go mortify his thoughts with pray'r,
In earnest conflict with his stubborn heart,
To works of Christian Charity and Love;
Till he has purged him of the foul abuse,
And learn'd the luxury of doing good.
Lest heathen worshippers, anon, exult (1)
In attributes peculiarly belong
To generations are profess'd of Christ.
'For he who lacketh Charity, doth lack
'The spirit of all other perfect gifts;'
Saith the Anointed of Almighty God,

Let him go tread the haunts of those who lie,
With gnawing want and wretchedness oppress'd;
The couch of sickness; lo! the houseless poor,
The sad wayfaring-suppliants for bread!
Dry up the orphan's tears; and stay the sighs
Of her, the widow, famishing with want,
With all her little ones in ceaseless grief;
Who had not fared them thus, but him, their stay,
Was swept away by the remorseless deep.

But late she sat beside her humble hearth,
No Princess happier in her broad domains,
With her fair progeny desporting round,
In joyous smiles; that he, her husband, soon,
With his trim boat well laden too, perhaps,
And tongue and heart for her and her's alone,
Would near the rocky turret of his home.
For since she mark'd the sun had dipt his disk,
In blood-red beauty, deeply in the wave;
That ev'ning glory far and wide was spread
O'er the broad bosom of the rolling sea,
Or lo! in Heav'n above, surpassing fair;
That now the striding peak, whose giant-foot

Seem'd to spurn back the waters with disdain,
Had hung his sables o'er the fading coast;
That autumn-dews were falling fast and chill;
She would that him she lov'd, as was his wont,
Were skimming stealthily along the rocks,
Where now the sea-bird had beta'en to roost.
And ever and anon, a prattler's tongue
Did lisp the father home, with puerile speech;
Whilst, too, her anxious eyes did search the deep,
And ev'ry speck that broke the fearful range,
She thought, and oh! she wish'd her husband's bark.
Alas! he came not with the setting sun;
Nor with the twilight; nor with pitchy night:
But lo! a storm with dire commotion rose,
And withering lightnings flash'd, and thunders roll'd,
And sky and ocean, in a dread embrace,
Seem'd as they struggled for the mastery.
And there she sat, upon the flinty rocks,
Drench'd with the current from the bursting clouds;
As cradled in her breast an infant lay;
As round her knees her wailing children clung:
The while the waters like a cauldron boil'd;
And signal peals were heard, of dire portent,

Bounding to shore upon the brawling waves:
But still he came not whom her aching breast
And sleepless eyes did long to rest upon—
And the broad sun in clouded grandeur rose,
And set again amidst contention wild ;
Another night, and yet he came not home :
The morrow dawn'd, as lonely, but more calm;
But still her eyes with burning tears were wet,
And her poor children sorrow'd wildly, too,
As hand in hand, with trembling steps and slow,
They search'd the rugged beach all woe-begone.
There in the crevice of a rifted rock,
O melancholy omen of her fears!
A shatter'd remnant of his bark she spied—
Another step, and there his body lay—
Cold, stiff, and maim'd, and drench'd, alas! and dead.

She never swoon'd,—she neither wept nor scream'd,—
But there she stood, the picture of despair,
Till mute, at length, she sunk upon his corpse:
Nor had again, perhaps, her eyes unclosed,—
But that her little ones, with fearful cries,
Call'd back the fleeting spirit to her breast.

To the reft homes of wretchedness like this,
There let him go, with Charity's sweet balm,
Whose heart is bent upon a kindly task;
And he shall earn him, lo! the sev'n-fold gift
The Lord hath promised for the bounty-loan.
For lo! the Scriptures teach the words divine,
'That hallow'd Charity shall cover o'er
'A number, ay, a multitude of sins!'
Then shall he answer, when his Judge demands
The witness of his claims to rest in Heav'n—
'Almighty God, according to Thy word,
'So have I dealt me with the sons of man:
'In misery and torture, sooth'd their woes;
'Have fed the hungry; clothed the naked; lo!
'And minister'd to those in prison bound.'
Then Heav'n shall welcome him—'Approach, my son,
'Thou worthy to be number'd with the just.'—
And his redeemed heart shall leap for joy,
For very joy at the auspicious words;
As all the host of Heav'n, with one acclaim;
With tongues of gladness, and out-stretched arms;
Shall take him to their converse and their rest.
Or where the Sable Children of the South

Are goaded to the unredeemed task;
For their's is not the profit of their toil;
There let him go; and rend from their bow'd forms
The manacles and badges—lo! the bonds,
That mercenary craft hath forged for man:
Or to the prison, where oppression may
Have cast the poor and unpropitious ones;
Grasping the rod of foul inveterate pow'r,
With such unsparing and avengeful hands,
That chast'ning woe beseem so dread to bear,
The Christian's comfort, in a maniac mood,
Flies the oppressed breast—and he dares rush,
A self-convicted murderer, to the grave!
How blest were he should stay so rash a deed;
Should pour the balm of hope and consolation
Into the wounded spirit of the poor;
And bar their breasts against despairing thoughts;
And turn them to their Saviour and their God.
Thus should he win the favour of the Lord,
And find him Grace within the sight of Heav'n.
Not fast in fashion, for religion's sake;
Or put on sanctity, as if a vest
Were all the homage that religion crav'd;

As 'twere worn loosely and but for a time:
But wear his reformation in his heart,
And lay the gauds of vanity aside,
With contrite spirit, and with hope confirm'd;
With fear; with trembling; and with Faith renew'd.
God is not served with supererogation;
With forms of sanctity unknown in Heav'n;
With vain ablutions, and with formal pray'rs,
In open contact with the eyes of men,
As if you would that they should laud the work!
Witness the Pharisees, whom Christ rebuked—
He is well pleased when men remember Him
With pure and secret purpose of the soul;
With inward communings of heart and mind;
With longings after Heav'n; with faith in Christ;
And hands outstretched where the wretched lie.

Such as was theirs, the sinless ones with whom
I bow'd before the Altar of the Lord;
Such should the earthly form of worship be:
The holy, pure, and Heav'n-elected form,
Which Christ and his Apostles did pursue,
In perfecting their mission from above.

Inherent in their hearts, or lo! inspired
By fervour of a soul-convicted Faith,
And firm reliance in th' Almighty pow'r;
And all those attributes which can and do
Exalt e'en Heav'n before the sons of man;
Such as the Triune-Spirit would impart,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter from Heav'n,
To those who'd seek His all-sufficient Grace;
Such were the perfect pray'rs they breath'd on high.

The primitive, the unpolluted form,
Burn'd in their bosoms with a pious joy,
Unmix'd with earthly and alluring pomp;
Though fallen men are won with such conceits;
But 'tis a proof, alas! that they are fallen,
From the pure worship which their father's knew.

How many, ev'n of those who wear the garb
Of Heav'n-ordained ministry, are wont,
Rather to give themselves to earthly lures,
Ev'n in the holy place, the house of pray'r,
Than their twice-purchased souls to God alone.

As if the sacred edifice were meant
For exhibition of their fantasies,
And not for solemn purposes alone;

Where all the willing may with one accord,
In pray'rs and praises give their hearts to God;
And learn the way, from His revealed word,
Their souls shall be redeem'd from sin and death;
In language such, though eloquence less pure,
As breath'd the tongue divine upon the Mount;
That tongue which taught th' inspired ones to pray;
The messengers of His redeeming Grace,
Proclaim'd aloud through universal earth.

Alas! that man should minister to man,
Whose sacred duty is reproof for such,
His vanity, his weakness, and self-love,
Whose will nor passions lean to things divine;
And make the Altars of their God, as 'twere,
A gain to fancy, not the understanding.
As if the gauds of earth could add to Heav'n,
What from his untaught people is withheld;
As if the frantic ravings of their tongues
Could tell the simple Truths the Scriptures teach,
With cunning arts of speech unknown before;
Ev'n to the Chosen Ones, who as they sat
In sacred concord at the festal board,

Received the marv'lous gift of divers tongues;
And learn'd the gladsome words from Christ the Lord.
Shall any such presume to bless the cup,
The sacred chalice, and the Holy Bread,
Divinely set apart for God's own use?
Shall any such be worthy of that meed
Of holy revelation, when he saw,
(The martyr Stephen,) ev'n in his death-hour,
The Heav'ns unveil'd in glory, lo! and Christ
Standing omnipotent at God's right-hand,
With arms out-stretched to receive his soul?
Shall they not rather, like the gainless one,
Despoil'd of what they have, anon, in trust,
Be cast to outer darkness, there to dwell,
Where they shall weep and wail and gnash their teeth?
Or lo! accursed, as was the fruitless tree,
Wither and perish in the sight of man,
Whose tongues shall note them the disown'd of God?

But in the glorious City of the Just,
The holy ministers of God were such,
That Truth came from the consecrated lips,
Ev'n as discoursing of celestial things,

As do the precious metals when assay'd;
The more refin'd the more they pass the fire:
The while the people knelt in silence all,
Within the fanes of this eternal world—
Where Angels, too, were seen in prostrate awe;
Whose purer spirits blest the form of pray'r
Was breathed by him, whose holy words of peace,
So pure, so simple, lo! so unadorn'd;
So apostolical; so like the Lord's;
Were all acceptable in sight of Heav'n.
And lo! when all from pray'r were seen disposed;
The matin-melody, too, breath'd on high
As rung the Temple with harmonious praise,
Where all their tongues were heard with one acclaim;—
Then rose the Sage, whose duty bade him speak
The words of highest Heav'n to Heav'n's elect:
Here was no ostentation; vain attempt
To win himself the plaudits of the crowd:
But as he'd been a Holy Prophet, such
As was Isaiah, or the Wailing One,
Flow'd the inspir'd oration from his lips;
Breathing the truths religion loves to teach,
Untainted with the visions of the world.

And there the while, as it had been their God,
So holy, perfect, and belov'd of them
Were these, the teachers of a chosen race;
Who spoke of Heav'n and His eternal throne;
His mercy and His glory and His grace;
His omnipresent and Almighty pow'r;
His universal and unceasing love;
With silent adoration all were mov'd,
As if the Holy Spirit in their souls
Had work'd with marvellous and converting grace;
And all their countenances beam'd with love,
And holy gladness; such as is alone
The perfect witness of a sinless breast;
Of a pure conscience, and a mind at ease,
With Heav'n and earth—and lo! within itself!

When he had ceased, behold! again with pray'r
And holy praises soar'd their voices high;
Then call'd the Sage a blessing from above
Upon the heads of all the righteous there,
And forth they walk'd to meditate on God.
Not in the revelry of earthly pomp,
Forgetful that the holy day was Heav'n's;
Wasting the precious moments of their lives,

In giving soul and body both to sin;
As do the generations of the earth,
Regardless of the fiat of their God—
'Thou shalt keep holy mine appointed day!'
Oh! knew they but the value of that gift,
The fallen earthly ones who walk in sin;
That mercy-teeming and refreshing gift;
The glorious boon of Heav'n, th' appointed Day;
That day of rest to all the mortal race;
But oh! peculiar blessing of the Poor!
The day He hallow'd as a day of pray'r,
And blessed it; the day He did repose
From all the wond'rous works His hands had made,
The Sabbath!—In that word, that single word,
All Heav'n, as 'twere, uprise before mine eyes;
The earth from chaos rolls in goodly form;
The darkness lays upon the troubled deep;
God's holy spirit o'er the waters moves;
The light breaks forth; the stars begin to shine;
Trees, plants, and flow'rs and verdure clothe the ground;
And man, the lord of all, in Eden's bow'rs,
As perfect yet, with his companion dwell,
Lo! Eve, the beauteous mother of mankind.

How had it fared with thee, thou pow'rless ones,
But for this glorious, this Almighty gift?
Had not your days been but a ceaseless toil?
One unremitted, lo! an endless task,
Begun with Life and ended with the Grave?

Ponder o'er this; and bless Almighty God;
And give Him glory in His hallow'd fanes,
On this, His Sabbath, His own blessed day,
With love and adoration, such as none,
Not even angels should surpass in Heav'n:
And meditate upon His righteous ways,
And his Revealed Mercy! all as free;
All, all unpurchased, too, by thee, O Man!
As was this primal gift of gracious Heav'n.

Where'er we walk, where'er we turn our eyes,
Another and another we behold,
A wond'rous cause for our unceasing praise.
Tree, plant, and flow'r, or lo! the meanest thing,
That soars in air, or crawls upon the earth;
Or lo! disports within the rolling deep;
Is each a miracle, a marvel wrought
By His surpassing and Almighty pow'r.

Eye hath not seen, nor shall it ever see;
Tongue hath not told, nor shall it ever tell;
A tithe of Heaven's surpassing handyworks!
For they are numberless as is the sand;
Or as the stars the firmament adorn;
And like them fraught with wond'rous glory, too!
Give Him, then, ceaseless homage in His fanes,
And undefiled love, and *purchased* praise;
Lest thou shouldst fare, and be, alas! cut off, (2)
As was the dread profaner, with his host.
Whose messenger, upon the Sabbath, lo!
Ev'n whilst the people pour'd their praise to Heav'n,
Polluted God's own fane with human gore;
The blood of his appointed, Israel's race:
Nor age nor sex was spared of Judah's line;
But lo! he slew, within the sacred dome,
The young and hoary; mothers and their babes;
Till God no longer there, nor morn nor eve,
Welcom'd their praising and thanksgiving tongues.
No more with offerings pure of peace and love,
Or sacrifices did his altars teem;
For all His faithful were with fear o'ercome.
Till he, Matthias, of the priestly race,

Whom lo! the heathen would subdue with bribes
And promises and proffers of his wealth,
Burn'd zealous for the laws of injured Heav'n;
Denounced their dread impiety and sin;
Slew the apostate who forsook his faith;
Invoked his children to avenge their God;
And lo! appealing to the faithful still,
For safety, to the deserts and the hills,
Betook them to appease the wrath of Heav'n.

For ev'n the Holy Temple of the Lord,
And all Jerusalem, and round about,
With idols and idolatries were fill'd,
Till God was scarce remember'd by His own.

Then Eleazer! then the Holy Dame! (3)
With all her glorious offspring, were cut off,—
A proud example of unshrinking faith.
Then was Judæa, by a heathen tongue,
Avow'd the mausoleum of her tribes,
Had not their God aveng'd his people's wrongs;
When forth a scion of the priestly race
Led them, the chosen remnant of the faith,

From the high mountain and the desert wild;
And mighty in the countenance of God,
Host after host, with dread onslaught o'erthrew;
And purified the Temple; and redeem'd
The holy city from his impious pow'r,
Who, in his deadly wrath, was hastening forth,
With curses on his tongue and vengeful arm,
To smite thee, Israel, even to the grave.

But lo! the arm of Heav'n his purpose stay'd,
With sudden judgments of disease and pain;
And he, the murderer and blasphemer, died, (4)
As by the holy prophet was fore-doom'd,
Abhorred of Heaven and despised of man,
Confessing God alone was Great and Just!

But let me sing of that eternal gift;
For lo! there is another yet to come,
More glorious still, more merciful than all;
By prophets sung; by tongue divine proclaim'd;
Which man shall earn him with a perfect faith;
And lo! with a repentance so sincere,
That he shall be from sin regenerate,

Through the Atoning Mercy of the Lord;
The kingdom of the righteous; lo! the world,
The sinless world, the purchased world of Christ;
Him the rejected and despised of man!
How shall I sing the glory of that place?
So all excelling, that this lordly earth,
With its broad waters, pathless sea and land,
Cities and multitudes, and kings, and thrones;
Is as a lonely and a herbless waste,
To that surpassing world, belov'd of Heav'n;
Whose mansions were upraised, by hands divine,
Prepared from all eternity beneath
The holy shadow of Jehovah's throne.

O! thou, the cradle of the swarming earth, (5)
Persepolis! beloved of Irân's race;
Whose hills look down upon the beauteous plains,
Where, lo! the throne of Jemshid was uprais'd;
Shall it be thine to strike the poised beam,
When weigh'd against the kingdom of the just?
Thou wert a glorious city once, indeed,
Of palaces and temples, peerless both;
Ev'n in their ruin dazzling to the sight:

Where now, within thy domes of royal rest,
Roams the rapacious world in thirst of prey,
Or herds secure from their destroyer, man;
Or there the vulture and the serpent roost;
Or trailing reptile leaves his slimy track,
Upon the polish'd floors, where erst thy kings,
In festal glory, quaff'd the gracious cup;
Ev'n where the Conqueror, in his dooming glee,
At Siren's banter gave thee to the flames.

Or wilt thou, Babylon, despoiled one, (6)
Whose glory long hath passed from the earth?
Thou city of a hundred brazen gates,
And countless tow'rs, and heav'n-scaling walls?
Thou that didst dare the God of Israel, lo!
And set up senseless idols to adore,
In proud defiance of His mighty pow'r.

Or wilt thou, chosen of Almighty God, (7)
Whose mem'ry the dread curse of murder stains;
Of impious murder, ev'n of God's own Son;
Him, thy rejected monarch, Christ, the Lord,
Was slain at Calvary, and buried, lo!
And rose again the Saviour of the world.
Thou, in whose trust the Holy symbols lay;

Whose beauty, too, the Lord's own temple grac'd;
Till the dread heathen razed thee to the ground, (8)
And led thy people captive through the world;
Where yet they wander, as without a home,
A fearful witness of his will and pow'r.
Or thou that bear'st the dread blasphemer's name, (9)
More honour'd in the primal church of Christ
And patriarchs and preachers far than he?
O, wilt thou, Ninevah? or Tyrus, thou? (10)
Or thou, the throne of infidels, where still
The crescent rides triumphant o'er the Cross?
Or Tadmor, thou, the city of the palms, (11)
Rear'd in the desert, proudly and alone?
Whose ruin'd glories were so long inamur'd,
As if for aye they'd pass'd them from the earth;
Till they, the trav'ler's vision struck with awe,
With sudden and surprised ecstasy,
As they had been some bright Arabian scene,
Raised by the pow'r of sorcery, to mock
The houseless wanderer in his loneliness:
Thou, who didst cradle the sublime of thought,
Whom lo! an ingrate Queen to death consign'd,
To appease her conqueror in his vengeful mood?

Or thou, the boasted seat of sculptur'd lore, [12]
Philosophy, and poesy, and arms?

Or thou, imperial and pontific Rome, [13]
Wilt thou be weigh'd against the perfect one?

Shall all the cities of the world conjoin'd,
With those that now have pass'd from earth for aye,
Weigh with the splendour of that glorious one,
The sinless city of a chosen race?

Lo! they but dimly shine, compared with thee,
Thou spotless region,—as a taper's rays
Before the splendour of the glorious sun,—
Lost in its broad immensity of light.

Such is the holy place, so wond'rous fair,
Which Heav'n has rear'd him for himself and thee,
Ye that shall be accepted of the Lord:
Within whose regions dwell a glorious throng
Of Saints and Prophets, Patriarchs, and lo!
Martyrs who died unshrinking for the faith,
In holiest concord round the throne of God,
Forever, where unceasingly they sing:—

Hear, O! ye Heav'ns, and give ear, O! earth,
Ye beauteous stars that mark'd the Saviour's birth,
Eternal praise to God above,
Whose Laws are Mercy, Truth, and Love.

His is that wond'rous, omnipresent pow'r,
Which men and angels shall bow down before;
His is that omnipresent eye,
From which nor Heav'n nor earth shall fly.

His is that omnipresent Providence,
Which succours all things,—tho' they know not whence,
Or where, or how it comes,—but feel
That it has pow'r to Save and Heal.

Where'er they kneel, wherever they adore,
His Universal Spirit there shall pour
Its holy influence o'er the place,
And sanctify it with His Grace.

None shall be heard in vain, in vain shall cry
For mercy of their God, who's ever nigh,
With hands out-stretched to receive
All who repent them and believe.

Almighty and supreme, in Heav'n and earth,
Pure and eternal, without form or birth,
Who shall declare Thy hiding place,
Whose glory owns nor shape nor space?

E'en as an eagle hovers o'er her nest,
He watches all things from His glorious rest:
Nor man, nor living thing shall fall,
But He is near to note it all.

His Heav'n-distilled dews descend from high;
His rains are pour'd nutritious from the sky;
And corn and oil, and flowers abound;
And trees and verdure clothe the ground.

How wond'rous do the ocean-waters roll;
How wond'rous blow the winds from pole to pole;
How wond'rous rise and set the sun,
And moon and stars, Almighty One—

Thine be the glory, Thine th' eternal praise,
Who gave to man his life, with length of days;
Who wouldst not leave his soul in hell,
But died to save him when he fell.

E'en as the stork leads forth, with anxious sight,
Her tender young to teach them early flight;
So led'st Thou forth, with anxious hand,
Thy people tow'rds the Promised Land,

And, lo! when thirst and hunger did oppress
Their fainting bodies in the wilderness,
Dry rocks the gushing stream pour'd forth,
And bread from Heav'n was rain'd on earth.

Yet for all this, Thy Mercy, Love, and Grace,
They turn'd them, heedless, from their Maker's face;
And worshipp'd, with their songs and praise,
A molten calf, with idle gaze.

Till He was wrath who'd loosed them from their bands,
And cast the Cov'nant Tablets from His hands;
And broke their god, and slew them, lo!
Who'd sinn'd against Jehovah so.

Thus shall they perish who reject the Lord,
And His redeeming Mercy, Love, and Word;
Who else had seen that promised place,
Where Heav'n reveals His glorious face.

His is the kingdom, His the world to come;
His is the sinless, the eternal home;
The glorious kingdom, lo! the shore
Where the dark reign of sin is o'er.

Hear O! ye Heavens, and give ear, O! earth,
Ye beauteous stars that mark'd the Saviour's birth!
Eternal praise to God above,
Whose laws are Mercy, Truth, and Love.

END.

REDEMPTION.

NOTES TO PART THE FIRST.

Note 1, Line 20, Page 6.

" When, from the several corners of the earth
" Each particle invisibly shall come,
* * * * * * *
——" Man, in his humanity again,
" Shall stand reveal'd before his glorious judge"—

SINCE it behoves every one " to give a reason for the faith that is in him," if the author were asked whether he believes that, at the Great Day of Judgment, man will be raised up from the tomb with all his fleshly imperfection, as at the moment of his dissolution they disfigured his body, he should truly answer, 'Yes'!—though, no doubt, those who shall pass into a state of Eternal Glory, will then " put on" a pure, perfect, and immortal nature. And he grounds his belief upon this circumstance especially, that Christ so rose from the dead. For when the Apostle Thomas questioned the identity of his Divine Master, " *Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my*

side," were the Saviour's words; thereby shewing beyond the possibility of doubt, that he it was who suffered; and that, although he had been raised up into everlasting life, being the first fruits of Redemption, yet that He still carried about Him the imperfections of the flesh, the witnesses of His sufferings upon the Cross, that "seeing they might believe." And these fleshly imperfections of the body, the author is fain to believe, will be a part, and a positive part, of the evidence upon which man's guilt shall be "made manifest" before God. In some, such as the Martyrs and the like, they shall be "imputed unto them for righteousness;" in others, as "a sin unto death." To those who may ask, how this miraculous re-organization of matter is to be accomplished, being himself satisfied that there is an Omnipotent Power "from whom no secrets are hid," he is content to answer in the words of the Apostle, "With God all things are possible."

Note 2, Line 16, Page 18.

"Sela-Hamalekoth."

THE mountainous and rocky country where David with his followers had taken refuge from the fury of Saul, and from whence that Monarch was called off from pursuing him to oppose the progress of the army of the Philistines, was called Selahamalekoth, or the Rock of Separations.—(I. Sam. xxiii. 28.)

Note 3, Line 19, Page 31.

"Oh! 'tis a barb, a deadly poison'd bard,
"INGRATITUDE from children!"

THE following melancholy, but true story, the principal "outcast" actor in which the author believes to be still living, will too

amply bear him out in the terms in which he has reflected upon the dreadful results consequent upon the disobedience and ingratitude of children towards their parents:—

> "I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the
> "sight of my mother."
>
> PROVERBS, iv. 3.

Arthur Kensington was the only son, indeed the only child, of a man of family and fortune, formerly resident near the British metropolis. He was bred up by his amiable parents with the utmost tenderness and anxiety; and being possessed of what is termed "quick parts," before he arrived at the age of manhood, he was master of several languages, and excelled in all those polite accomplishments considered necessary to form the character of a gentleman, and to qualify him to move in that sphere of life in which both his birth and prospects entitled him to rank. Being, however, inclined to prodigality, and his fond parents too readily supplying him with the means of indulging in so dangerous a propensity, he gradually launched into a run of expensive habits, which ended in the most disastrous consequences both to himself and friends. He found, alas! no difficulty in cultivating the acquaintance of *boon companions*, who having exhausted their own means by a similar course of living, were too ready to help him on in the work of destruction. He soon became, under their schooling, a confirmed "*man of ton*," and early suffered himself to be ridiculed into an abandonment of his paternal home. A separate establishment must be had and supported in the most expensive style. Horses, carriages, dress, banquetting, all of the most profuse and extravagant description, followed. None but the most choice and expensive wines could be suffered at his table, till he became, and avowed himself,—so shameless are men in pursuits of fashionable vices, as they are denominated,—a rake and a gamester. His parents, at length,

ventured to chide; but, alas! they were now only laughed at as "plebeian and old-fashioned;" and their extreme love and tenderness for an only child would not permit them to refuse him money. Falling, at length, into the hands of sharpers, to whom his recklessness and inexperience made him an easy prey, he was the repeated loser of thousands. Money must be had;—his parents now wept and entreated, but in vain;—the paternal estate was first mortgaged and then sold, to support his extravagance and pay his losses at play. This sufficed but for a brief space to meet his engagements. The same reckless course was pursued;—more money must be had, and at any sacrifice. The only remaining trifle, for such it really was, in his hands—his poor fond mother's jointure, which realised some thousands, was soon dissipated in the society of the sharper and the courtesan. Pennyless, and abandoned by an ungrateful child, the father survived his ruin but for a brief space, and lingered out the lamp of his earthly existence in a madhouse. His mother, but a little removed from the same bereaved state of mind, found an asylum with a relation; but soon followed her partner in misery, where sorrow no longer prevails. The son, in the meantime, pursued the same reckless career, till he, at length, became the inmate of a prison for debts he was totally unable to liquidate. Nothing, however, now affected his demoralized heart; for having obtained his liberty, he launched into his old habits, and attempted to supply himself with funds by the aid of forgery. He was detected in his first attempt; and with the aid of one who had known him in his purer days, almost miraculously escaped an ignominious death, by flying to a foreign land, where he now lingers out the remnant of his wretched existence, a prey to unavailing regret and heart-burning remorse, an alien and an outcast!—without an eye to weep for, a hand to succour, or a tongue to cry "God bless him!"

Note 4, Line 17, Page 32.

"Ev'n as the Pelican would rend its breast."

THE Pelican, the great white species of which is said to live a hundred years, is remarkable for its peculiar care and tenderness of its young; and it has been asserted, by some writers, that, in an extremity, when their necessary foods fails them, they feed them with the blood from their own breasts, which they rend open with their bills for that purpose. But however desirable it might be, it is observed, to invest any part of the creation with such a charm,—such a tragical instance of parental devotedness,—there is now no doubt but it was a mistaken idea, which arose from some not very intelligent travellers seeing the parent-bird feed its offspring from the contents of its *red pouch*, or water-bag, which it does by pressing it against its breast. And, indeed, an indifferent observer might easily come to such a conclusion. It has also been said of them, that in case their nests should take fire, they flap their wings over them for the purpose of extinguishing the flames, and will rather perish thereon than forsake them. The Jews are forbade to eat the flesh of the Pelican, (Levit. x. 18), whose chief sustenance is fish, which they take by hovering over the water, and suddenly darting down on their prey, which they very seldom miss securing, from the enormous size of their gape. After having taken as many as they can conveniently carry, they retire to some solitary rock, where they swallow them at their leisure. When two or more, in quest of food, happen to meet together, in company with Corvorants, the Pelicans spread their wings in a circle some little distance from the land, flapping them whilst the latter dive, and thereby driving their prey into a smaller compass, they take them with less difficulty. The Chinese are said, on account of this sagacity of both birds, to use them for domestic fishing. The Pelican is observed to make its nest in the deserts, very far remote both from the habitations of man and from the

waters. Hence the simile of the prophet David, in his distresses, *I am like a Pelican in the wilderness*, (Psalm cii. 6.) Why it retires so far from that element whence its entire sustenance must be derived, Providence alone can suggest, since it thereby entails upon itself the labour of bringing water as well as food to its young an immense distance in its pouch. Hence it has been called, by the Persians, *Kick* [*Tacab*, or *Water-carrier*. Camels and other beasts are said to take advantage of their abode in the wilderness, and frequently to resort to their nests in order to quench their thirst; and as if grateful for, and sensible of, the advantage derived from such a supply, never injure or disturb their young.

Note 5, Line 4, Page 34.

"Ev'n as Æneas bore from reeking Troy
"The sacred burthen of an aged sire."

ANCHISES, the father of Æneas, was a Trojan Prince, of the family of the reigning King Priam. When the Greeks surprised, sacked, and burnt Troy, he was so extremely helpless from old age, as to be unable to fly from the surrounding dangers. But the first care of his son, "the pious Æneas," as he has been called, was the preservation of his aged father's life; and, taking him on his shoulders, bearing his household deities, and leading his youthful son, Ascanius, by the hand, he fled with his sacred burthen towards the Trojan vessel, followed by his wife, the Princess Crëusa, who was a daughter of the unfortunate King Priam. The fugitives all reached their destination, and embarked in safety, except the Princess; who, losing herself in the mazes of the city, perished by the way. Æneas set sail with his fleet, and after many hardships, touched at Sicily; where his father dying, he buried him with great honour, and raised a magnificent mausoleum over his remains.—VIRGIL'S *Æneid*.

Note 6, Line 7, Page 34.

" Ev'n as the Stork watch o'er its parent bird."

THE Stork lives to a very considerable age, and it has been related of them, that such is their attachment for their parent-birds, that when from age, or any other cause, they become too feeble to fly themselves, their offspring take them on their backs, and convey them to places of safety, and otherwise protect and sustain them. Their excessive affection for their young is notorious, of which the female Stork that perished at the conflagration in Delft is a surprising instance. After having made various unsuccessful attempts to carry off her unfledged progeny, she chose rather to die with them, than leave them to their fate; and, betaking herself to her nest, actually perished thereon with her offspring. "A *Suttee*," as Mr. Murray justly observes, in his Researches into Natural History, "worthy of record!" "Nor is this," he adds, "an insulated luminous spot in their remarkable lives." There are many other incontestible proofs of similar affection and devotion recorded. The parent-birds are a model of excessive attachment to their offspring: as soon as they are capable of exercising their pinions, they *bear them on their own wings*, and then lead them gently in circles round their nest. Hence the beautiful image in the Scriptures, "*He shall bear them up as on an Eagle's wings*," is literally true of the Stork—personified emblem of what is "lovely and of good report." They have ever been regarded with kindly and welcome feelings in countries where they abound; and the trust they repose in man, whilst it merits his protection, seems not to be misplaced. Thus the Stork may be seen at noon-day, in some towns in Holland, walking at its ease, and undismayed at the presence of man, in the thronged and busy streets, and procuring his food unmolested upon the verges of rivers, canals, fens, &c.; and they are themselves not only passively harmless, but positively useful, devouring greedily all sorts of noxious and

dangerous reptiles, such as abound in marshy countries. In ancient Egypt, the Stork was esteemed *sacred*, second only to the Ibis, and was enshrined amongst the divinities of that land of gods. In some places, indeed, laws have been enacted for its preservation and protection; and wherever it has become a resident, whether in the East, in Africa, in Switzerland, or in Holland, kindly feelings have always been generated in its favour. In the latter place, it either builds its nest on the house-tops amidst the din and bustle of population, or else selects the summits of the loftiest trees for that purpose. Verifying the words of the royal Psalmist, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the Cedars of Lebanon; which he hath planted where the birds make their nests: as for the *Stork*, the fir-trees are her house." In Holland, their house-top nests frequently remain undisturbed for many years; the builders of them returning regularly to the cherished spot in their "appointed time." The joy manifested on these occasions, expressive of their attachment to their patron host, is truly an anthem of thankfulness and gratitude for their protection.

END OF NOTES TO PART THE FIRST.

REDEMPTION.

NOTES TO PART THE SECOND.

Note 1, Line 17, Page 40.

" Lest Heathen worshippers, anon, exult."

It is said of The Persees, an amiable, though a heathen race, in Heron's translation of Niebuhr's Travels in the East, that they make " *common contributions for the aid of their poor*, and suffer none of their number to ask alms from the people of a different religion;" and, it is added, they "are equally ready to employ their money and credit to save a brother of the fraternity from the abuses of justice."

Note 2, Line 9, Page 54.

" Lest thou should'st fare, and be, alas! cut off,
" As was the dread Profaner with his host!"

Antiochus Epiphanes.—See the Tenth Volume of Rollin's Ancient History, and the subsequent Note 4.

Note 3, Line 14, Page 55.

"Then Eleazar! Then the holy Dame!
"With all her glorious offspring were cut off."

ONE of the most illustrious amongst those who resisted the terrible persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes, who refused either to fall away from his observations of the law, or the worship of the true God, was ELEAZAR, a Doctor of the Law, and a venerable old man, ninety years of age, whose long life had been one continual series of spotless innocence. Preferring a glorious death to a criminal existence, when commanded to eat swine's flesh, resisting the endeavours made to open his mouth that they might force him to swallow it, he went voluntarily to execution, perseveringly resolute not to infringe the law to save his life. Some friends present, moved with an unjust compassion, took him aside, and earnestly besought him to permit them to bring him such meats as the law allowed him to eat, in order that it might be imagined, that he had eaten of the meats of the sacrifice, pursuant to the king's command, and thereby save his life. But Eleazar, considering only what his great age, the noble and generous sentiments he was born with, and the life of purity and innocence which he had led from his infancy, required of him, answered them, pursuant to the Ordinances of the Holy Law of God, that he would prefer death to such a course. "It would be shameful," was his reply, "for me, at this age, to use such an artifice, which would occasion many young men, upon the supposition that Eleazar, at fourscore and ten years of age, had embraced the principles of the heathens, to be imposed upon by the deceit which I should have employed to preserve the short remains of a corruptible life; and thereby I should dishonour my old age, and expose it to the curses of all men. Besides, supposing I should, by that means, for the present, avoid the punishment of men, I could never fly from the hand of the Almighty, neither in this world, nor

in that which is to come. For this reason, if I lay down my life courageously, I shall appear worthy of my old age; and shall leave behind me, for the imitation of young people, an example of constancy and resolution, by suffering patiently an honourable death, for the sake of our venerable and holy laws." No sooner had Eleazar ended this speech, than he was dragged to execution, the officers who had hitherto looked upon him with humanity, now becoming furious at what they termed his pride. When the torments which he suffered had made him ready to breathe his last, he vented a deep sigh, and said, "O Lord! Thou who art possessed of the holy knowledge, thou seest that I, who could have delivered myself from death, do yet suffer cruel agonies in my body; but in my soul, find joy in my sufferings, because I fear Thee." Thus died this holy man, leaving, by his death, not only to the young men, but to the whole nation, a glorious example of virtue and resolution worthy of imitation.

But the most remarkable instance of constancy and self-devotion to the true God, and His Law and Ordinances, was THE MOTHER AND HER SEVEN SONS.—See ROLLIN'S *Ancient Hist.* vol. 10.

Note 4, Line 11, Page 56.

"And he, the murderer and blasphemer, died,
"Confessing God alone was great and just!"

KING ANTIOCHUS, adds Rollin, hearing that his most powerful armies were overthrown by the remnant of the persecuted Israelites, under Judas Maccabeus, in his unbridled rage and fury, vowed to make Jerusalem the burying-place of the whole Jewish nation, and not to leave a single inhabitant therein. He ordered his charioteer to drive the faster, that he might the sooner satisfy his vengeance; but had scarce uttered the blasphemous expressions, when he was himself struck by the hand of GOD:

being seized with incredible pains in his bowels, and excessive pangs of the cholic. But still his pride was not abated even by this shock; so far from it, that, suffering himself to be hurried away by the wild transports of his fury, and breathing nothing but vengeance against the Jews, he gave additional orders for proceeding with all possible speed in the journey. As his horses were running impetuously forward, he fell from his chariot, and was thereby grievously injured in every part of his body. His attendants were forced, in consequence, to put him into a litter, where he suffered inexpressible torments. Worms crawled from every part of him; his flesh fell away piecemeal; and the stench was so great, that it became intolerable to the whole army. Being himself unable to bear it, "It is meet," said he, "to be subject unto GOD; and man, who is mortal, should not think himself as if he were a God."

Note 5, Line 14, Page 57.

"Oh! thou, the cradle of the swarming earth."

THE erudite Sir William Jones asserts in his writings, that the Persian monarchy is the oldest in the world. If such be the case, it is but natural to suppose that Persia, or Irân, was the original seat of the human race, from whence colonies were either sent forth, or emigrated of themselves, to people the rest of the habitable parts of the globe. Indeed, it is a supposition he actually makes out, and strongly confirms by his remarks on the most ancient language of Persia, which he shews to have been the parent of the *Sanscrit*, as well as of the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Gothic*. He holds it to be a proposition firmly established, "that Irân, or Persia, in its largest sense, was the true centre of *Population*, of *Knowledge*, of *Language*, and of *Arts*. Which, instead of travelling westward only, as has been fancifully supposed, or eastward, as with equal reason might have been asserted, were expanded in all

directions to all regions of the world." He thinks it is from good authority, also, that the Saxon Chronicle brings the first inhabitants of *Britain from Armenia;* that the *Goths* have been concluded to come from *Persia;* and that both the *Irish* and the *Old Britons* have been supposed to come from the borders of the Caspian. For all these places, it is observed, were included in the ancient Iràn.

The original splendour of this celebrated city, with its superb ruins, are luminously described in the writings of the distinguished Danish traveller, Niebuhr.

Of the Royal Palace of Persepolis,

the former residence of the Kings of Persia, it is said, that it was of such rare beauty as, perhaps, has never been excelled since the Creation of the World. It stood on a rocky hill, and occupied about fifty acres of ground; being surrounded, according to Diodorus Siculus, with a triple wall, the first of which was sixteen cubits high, the second double that height, and the innermost was sixty cubits high, all of marble. The palace itself was of a square form, and had brazen gates on each side. The halls and apartments were exceedingly spacious and lofty, and the walls of them adorned with noble sculptures, some of which still remain to testify its splendour. The cedar roofs shone with gold, silver, ivory, and other precious materials. The throne was of pure gold, embellished with pearls and precious stones; whilst the furniture of the chambers was rich beyond description; the bedsteads being of solid gold, inlaid with gems. This palace, together with the surrounding city, was given to the flames by Alexander the Great, at the instance of Thais, the Athenian courtesan.

Note 6, Line 10, Page 58.

" Or wilt thou, Babylon, despoiled one;
" Thou city of a hundred brazen gates,
" And countless towers, and heav'n-scaling walls?"

THE city of Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, was one of the most superb that ever existed. Its form was an exact square, four hundred and eighty furlongs, or sixty miles, in circumference; fifteen on each side; built in a large plain. The walls were eighty-seven feet in thickness, and three hundred and fifty in height; on which were built three hundred and sixteen towers; or, according to others, two hundred and fifty, three between each gate, and seven at each corner. These walls and towers were constructed of large bricks, cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime which, in that country, issues out of the earth, and, in a short time, grows harder than the very bricks or stones which it cements. Without the wall, the city was surrounded by a ditch, filled with water, and lined with bricks on both sides. This ditch must have been extremely deep and large, as the whole earth of which the bricks for building the walls was formed, was dug out of it. The gates were an hundred in all, twenty-five on each side; and all of them of solid brass. From these ran twenty-five streets, crossing each other at right angles, each one hundred and fifty feet wide, and fifteen miles in length. A row of houses faced the wall on every side, with a street of two hundred feet wide between them and it. Thus the whole city was divided into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each whereof was four furlongs and a half on every side. All around these squares stood the houses fronting the streets, and the empty spaces within served for gardens, and other purposes. It does not appear, however, whether all these squares were wholly built or inhabited. From Curtius's account of it, when Alexander was there, it cannot safely be inferred what part might be inhabited in its meridian lustre, before Cyrus

took it. Nimrod, the first king of Babylon, and, perhaps, in the world, is generally allowed to have been the founder of this city. Belus, who with some is made contemporary with Shamzar, Judge of Israel, and Queen Semiramis, are said to have further enlarged and adorned it. But Nebuchadnezzar, or he and Nitocris, his daughter-in-law, finished it and made it one of the wonders of the world. The inhabitants of Babylon, and places adjacent, were excessively credulous, superstitious, and debauched. The idols of the Babylonians were Bel, Nebo, Sheshach, Nergal, Merodach, their goddess Succoth-benoth, and Fire. The Babylonians pretended to great skill in astrology, soothsaying, and magic, (Dan. ii. 2; iv. 7; v. 7; Isa. xlvii. 12,) and from hence these pretended sciences spread into Canaan, (Isa. ii. 6,) if not into Egypt. Indeed, idolatry, afterwards so prevalent, is supposed to have had its origin here.

Note 7, Line 17, Page 58.

" Or wilt thou, chosen of Almighty God?"

JERUSALEM.—See Brown and Calmet's Dictionaries of the Bible; and Robinson's Theological Dictionary.

Note 8, Line 2, Page 59.

" Till the dread Heathen razed thee to the ground,
" And led thy people captive thro' the world,
" Where yet they wander, as without a home,
" A fearful witness of his will and pow'r!"

THE present state of the Jewish nation is a subject replete with a most wonderful confirmation both of the past and present, with a shadowy splendour of the future, which none but the true believer in the Divine Revelation of Christianity can really feel, or

duly appreciate. If, indeed, there had ever been a plausible reason for man to doubt the truth of the *Divine Predictions* contained in the Holy Scriptures, the merciful and miraculous perfecting of which have wrought the Redemption of Mankind, the present state of the Jewish nation must be received as a surprising confirmation of them. And it would be just as possible for any *single* disbeliever of Divine Revelations to bring together the remnant of the Jewish people, scattered as they are over the whole face of the habitable globe, and of his own will and pleasure to form them into one simple and compact body, and to give them laws and institutions distinct from all other nations of the earth, such as was decreed them aforetime, as for him to shew any single instance, upon any plausible ground, in which their present state does not, with a just and a surprising exactness, bear out the remarkable prophecies contained in the Sacred Writings, concerning this no less remarkable people.

Note 9, Line 6, Page 59.

"Or thou, that bear'st the dread Blasphemer's name."

ANTIOCH, the capital of Syria, now *Anthakia*, is thought to be the same with Riblath, in the land of Hamath, where Nebuchadnezzar spent his time during part of the siege of Jerusalem, slew Zedekiah's children, put out his eyes, and put to death some other chief men of Judah. It stood on both sides of the river Orontes, now *Assi*, about twelve miles from the Mediterranean Sea; and near it was the famous temple of Daphne. It was about ten miles in circuit; was the residence of Alexander's Syro-Grecian successors; and one of the richest and most flourishing cities in the world. Here the Jews held equal rights with the Greeks; and it was loaded with additional honours and privileges by the Roman Emperors, Vespasian and Titus, as well as others.

Here Paul and Barnabas preached a considerable time; here it was that Peter dissembled in refusing to eat with the Gentiles, and here the followers of Jesus were *first* called CHRISTIANS, a few years after His Ascension, from which circumstance it has probably been asserted, that the *first* Christian church was founded there. (Acts ix. 19—27; xiv. 26; xv. 35; Gal. ii. 11.)

Note 10, Line 9, Page 59.

" Or wilt thou, Nineveh? or Tyrus, thou?
" Or thou, the throne of Infidels, where still
" The Crescent rides triumphant o'er the Cross?"

THESE three cities have all been celebrated both for good and evil report. The first, NINEVEH, was the capital of Assyria, and was built by Ashur, the son of Shem, from whom this ancient kingdom derived its name. He, being offended with the tyrannical usurpation of Nimrod, at Babel, removed to the north-east, where he built Nineveh, and several other cities. (Gen. x. 11.) There seems no doubt but that it stood on the banks of the Tigris, but whether on the eastern or the western side, is not agreed. Probably on the eastern, almost opposite the present Mosul. It was, in its glory, one of the largest and most superb cities in the world, and required three days for the prophet Jonah to go through it, proclaiming its overthrow. (Jonah iii. 3.)

TYRE

was a celebrated city of Phœnicia, on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea; now scarcely to be traced by its ruins, though, in its glory, it commanded almost all the trade of the known world. Its merchants were princes; and its warriors, mariners, and pilots, the chosen men and sages of itself and the surrounding cities and nations.—See the Prophet EZEKIEL.

may fairly be said to be the city where "the Crescent rides triumphant o'er the Cross," from the very few privileges Christians possess therein. This, the ancient Byzantium, is undoubtedly one of the most celebrated cities in Europe, though sadly depreciated since it became the capital of the Ottoman empire. Constantine the Great chose it for his abode, and rebuilt it after the model of Rome. It is most delightfully and most desirably situated, between the Black Sea and the Archipelago; from whence it is readily supplied with all necessaries. The harbour is said to be spacious enough to hold twelve thousand ships. Notwithstanding the barbarous hands in which this superb city has been for now nearly four hundred years, there are a great number of ancient monuments still remaining entire; particularly the superb temple of St. Sophia, (which has been turned into a mosque,) far surpassing all the rest, as a witness of its "faded glories." At the present time, the houses are but mean, especially on the outside, where there are few or no windows; and where the thoroughfares being very narrow, they give them a melancholy look. The streets are seldom or never clean, and the people are unfortunately infested with the plague almost annually. They are half Turks; two-thirds of the other part Christians, and the rest Jews. The city is built in the form of a triangle, and being on a gradually rising ground, there is a grand panoramic view of the whole from the sea. It was taken by the Turks, A.D. 1453, and may certainly now be considered as held by them, by the sufferance of the Christian monarchs of Europe.

Note 11, Line 12, Page 59.

"Or Tadmor, thou, the city of the palms."

TADMOR, or PALMYRA, whose name, both in the Latin and in the Syriac, denotes a multitude of palms, stands about two hundred

miles south-east of Aleppo, and was formerly a royal and magnificent city in Asia, situated amidst the deserts of Arabia. It is said to have been originally built by Solomon, (2 Chron. viii. 4,) and is celebrated as the birth-place and residence of Longinus, chief minister to Zenobia, the last Queen, who shamefully sacrificed him to the pique of the Romans. After her city was subdued, she was herself made captive by the Emperor Aurelius, and led in triumph through the streets of his capital. The magnificent remains of this renowned city were accidentally discovered, by some English travellers, from Aleppo, somewhat more than a century ago, after having, for many hundred years, lain hid in the vast expanse of the sandy plains of Arabia. They were subsequently visited by Messieurs Dawkins and Wood, in 1754; and the latter published a splendid description of them, illustrated with beautiful engravings, in the following year. The inhabitants now consist of about thirty or forty fugitive families, living in mud cottages, which they have reared within the spacious court of the magnificent Temple of the Sun, the most superb of its sinking edifices. The ruins of this still splendid city, as they now exist, consist of the proud remains of palaces, temples, and porticos of Grecian architecture, scattered over an extent of several miles. The most remarkable is the Temple of the Sun, the ruins of which are truly magnificent, and are spread over a square of two hundred and twenty yards. It was encompassed by a stately wall, built of large square stones, and adorned with pilasters, both within and without, to the number of sixty-two on a side. Within the court, are two rows of very noble marble pillars, thirty-seven feet high, with their capitals of most exquisite workmanship. Of these, only fifty-eight remain entire; but there must have been many more, for they appear to have gone round the whole court, and to have supported a double piazza. The walks on the side of the piazza, which is opposite to the front of the castle, seem to have been the most spacious and beautiful. At each end of this line, are two niches for statues, with their pedestals, borders, supporters, and

canopies, carved with the utmost propriety and elegance. The space within this enclosure, which is now filled with the dirty huts of the inhabitants, seems to have been an open court, in the middle of which stood the Temple, encompassed with a row of pillars of a different order and much taller, being fifty feet in height; but of these, only sixteen remain. The whole space contained within these pillars is fifty-nine yards in length, and nearly twenty-eight in breadth. The Temple itself is no more than thirty-three yards in length, and about fourteen in breadth. It points north and south; and exactly in the middle of the building, on the west side, is a most magnificent entry, on the remains of which are some vines and clusters of grapes, carved in the most bold and masterly imitation of nature that can be conceived. Just over the door are observed a pair of wings, which extend its whole breadth; the body to which they belong is totally destroyed; and it cannot now be ascertained whether it was that of an eagle or a cherub, several representations of both being visible on other fragments of the building.

It was visited by Bruce, before his journey into Abyssinia, who informs us, that before he came in sight of its magnificent ruins, he ascended a hill of white gritty stone, in a very narrow winding road, called a pass; but on reaching the top of the hill, his eyes were struck with the most stupendous sight which he believes mortal ever saw. The whole plain below, which is very extensive, was so covered with magnificent buildings, that they seemed to touch one another. All of them finely proportioned, agreeably shaped, and composed of white stone; which, at a distance, appeared like marble. He took draughts of them, dividing them into several views; which drawings, on his arrival in England, he presented to his late Majesty, George the Fourth; as superb an offering, it is observed, as, perhaps, any subject could make his prince.

Note 12, Line 1, Page 60.

"' Or thou, the boasted seat of sculptur'd lore,
" Philosophy, and Poesy, and Arms."

ATHENS is a word which overwhelms the mind with a multitude of glowing thoughts and images, such as no other subject connected with earthly grandeur, not even Rome herself, vast as was her dominion and fame and splendour, can call forth. Where shall be found such a galaxy of names, as array themselves under the broad shadow of Athenian Glory, both as philosophers, orators, legislators, poets, historians, sculptors, mathematicians, painters, heroes, patriots, or warriors? Let Aristotle and Plato—Demosthenes and Pericles—Solon and Lycurgus—Homer and Euripides—Xenophon and Herodotus—Phidias and Praxiteles—Euclid and Archimedes—Apelles and Parrhasius—Leonidas and his three hundred—Cimon and Aristides—Miltiades and Themistocles—the conquerors at Platæa, Salamis, and Marathon, with thousands of others, no less illustrious in the annals of Greece, answer the question! Yet how lamentably sunk in the scale of nations is Athens, the cradle of so much that is great and wonderful, once the proud capital of the kingdom of Attica. In early times, that which was afterwards called the *Citadel*, was the whole city, and was known by the name of *Cecropia*, from its founder, *Cecrops*, whom the Athenians affirm to have been the first builder of cities, and called it, by way of eminence, *Polis*, that is, *City*. It, however, lost the name of *Cecropia*, and acquired that of *Athens*, in the reign of Erichthonius; on what account is not ascertained. But it was probably in honour of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, arts, and arms, whom the Greeks called *Athene*, and esteemed its protectress. The old city was situated on the top of a rock, in the midst of a large and pleasant plain, which as the number of inhabitants increased became overspread with buildings and habitations for men and beasts, from which arose the distinc-

tion of *Acro* and *Catapolis*, or *Upper* and *Lower* City. The extent of the Citadel was sixty stadia, and was surrounded with olive groves; and, as some assert, fortified with strong palisades. In succeeding times it was encompassed with a strong wall, in which there were nine gates. One very large, the rest small. The inside of the Citadel was adorned with innumerable edifices, the most remarkable of which was the magnificent Temple of Minerva, styled the *Parthenion*, because that goddess was a virgin. The Persians destroyed it; but it was rebuilt, with much greater splendour, by the celebrated Pericles; who had it constructed of the finest marble, and with such skill and strength, that in spite of the ravages of time and the barbarous nations to whom Athens has been subject, it still remains, perhaps, the first monument of antiquity in the world; and stands a proud witness of the truth of what ancient writers have recorded of the prodigious magnificence and splendour and architectural beauty of Athens in her glory. The second in rank was a temple dedicated to the same goddess, and to Neptune; being divided into two parts, in one of which was the salt fountain, sacred to the god, and said to have been produced by a stroke of his trident; the other part was consecrated to the goddess, protectress of Athens, wherein was the sacred olive, which she produced; and her image, which is said to have fallen down from heaven in the reign of Erichthonius. The principal edifices which adorned the lower city, were the Temple of Theseus, erected by Conon; and the Olympian Temple erected in honour of Jupiter, all Athens, and all Greece. The foundation was laid by Pisistratus; but it was seven hundred years before it was completed, which happened in the reign of Adrian, who was a great patron of Athens. This was the first building in which the Athenians beheld pillars. The next in rank was the Pantheon, a most superb structure, and, like that of Rome, dedicated to all the gods. It is supported by one hundred and twenty marble pillars, and has over its great gate two horses carved by Praxiteles. This Temple is still standing. In several

parts of it were *stavi*, or *porticos*, under which people walked in rainy weather, and from whence a sect of philosophers were designated *Stoics*, because Zeno taught therein. There was also at Athens, two places called *Ceramicus*, from *Cerasus*, son of Bacchus and Ariadne: one within the city, containing a multitude of buildings of all sorts; the other in the suburbs, in which was included the Academy and other edifices. The Gymnasia of Athens were many; but the most remarkable were the *Lyceum*, *Academia*, and *Cynosarges*. The first stood on the banks of the Ilissus, and was built, as some affirm, by Pisistratus, whilst others give it to Pericles, or Lycurgus. Here it was that Aristotle taught philosophy, instructing such as came to him as they walked; and hence his disciples are supposed to have received the name of *Peripatetics*. The name of the *Academy* is said, by some, to have been derived from *Academus*, an ancient hero, who, when Helen was stolen by Theseus, discovered the place where she lay hid to Castor and Pollux; others say, that they had two Ascalians in their army, by name *Academus* and *Marathus*, and that the first gave the name to the *Academy*, and the other to *Marathon*.

The city is now called *Athini* and *Sentines*, and in its present state presents to the eye a deplorable picture of its former greatness; not containing ten thousand inhabitants, of whom three parts are Christians of the Greek Church. Enough, however, remains to shew, that fame can scarcely do justice to the memory of a race of men who carried every thing they attempted to the pinnacle of earthly perfection. "The Acropolis," says the erudite traveller, Dr. Chandler, "was filled with monuments of Athenian glory, and exhibited an amazing display of beauty, of opulence, and of art, each contending, as it were, for superiority. It appeared as one entire offering to the Deity, surpassing in excellence, and astonishing in richness. Heliodorus, named Periegetes, the *guide*, had employed on it fifteen books. The curiosities of various kinds, with the pictures, statues, and pieces of sculp-

ture, were so many and so remarkable, as to supply Polemo Periegetes, with matter for *four volumes;* and Strabo affirms, that as many would be required in treating of other portions of Athens and Attica. The number of statues, in particular, was prodigious. Tiberius Nero, who was fond of images, plundered the Acropolis, as well as Delphi and Olympia; yet Athens, and each of these places, had not less than three thousand remaining in them in the time of Pliny. The chief ornament of the Acropolis was the *Parthenon,* or Great Temple of Minerva; a most superb and magnificent fabric. The Persians had burnt that which before occupied the site, which had been called *Hecatompedon,* from its being one hundred feet square. The zeal of Pericles, however, and of the Athenians, was exerted in providing a far more glorious residence for their favourite goddess; the architects of which were Callicrates and Ictinus; and a treatise on the building was written by the latter and Carpion. It was constructed of white marble, of the Doric order, the columns fluted and without bases, the pillars in front eight, and adorned with admirable sculpture. The story of the birth of Minerva was carved on the front pediment, and in the back her contest with Neptune for the country. The beasts of burthen which had conveyed up the materials were regarded as sacred, and recompensed with pastures; and one, that had voluntarily headed the train, was maintained, during life, without labour, at the public expense. The statue of Minerva, made for this Temple by Phidias, was of ivory, twenty-six cubits, or thirty-nine feet in height. It was decked with pure gold to the amount of forty-four talents, so disposed, by the advice of Pericles, as to be taken off and weighed, if required. The goddess was represented standing, with her vestments reaching to her feet. Her helmet had a sphinx for the crest, and on the sides were griffins. The head of Medusa was on her breast-plate. In one hand she held her spear, and in the other supported an image of victory about four cubits high. The battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ was carved on her sandals; and on her shield, which,

laid at her feet, the wars of the gods and the giants and the battle of the Athenians and Amazons. By her spear was a serpent, in allusion to the story of Erichthonius, and on the pedestal the birth of Pandora. The Sphinx, the Victory, and the Serpent, were accounted eminently wonderful. This image was placed in the Temple in the fourth year of the eighty-seventh Olympiad; when the Peloponnesian war began. The gold was stripped off by the tyrant Lychares, when Demetrius Poliorcetes obliged him to fly. The same plunderer plucked down the golden shields in the Acropolis, and carried away the golden victories, with the precious vessels and ornaments provided for the *Panathenæan* festival." The Pantheon, it is recorded, remained entire for many ages after it was deprived of the goddess. The Christians converted it into a church, and the Mahometans afterwards into a mosque, which Wheeler and Spon, in 1676, assert to have been the finest in the world. When the Venetians under Koningsmark, in 1687, besieged the Acropolis, they threw a bomb which demolished the roof, setting fire to some powder which greatly injured the fabric, and was the sad forerunner of other destructive proceedings; for the Turks broke up the stones and applied them to other buildings. The floor still exhibits the indenture where this missile fell. There are many other magnificent remains; amongst the rest, that of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius consists of prodigious columns, tall and beautiful, of the Corinthian order, fluted; some single, more supporting the architraves, with a few massive marbles beneath. The columns are of extraordinary dimensions, being about six feet in diameter and sixty in height. The number without the cell was one hundred and sixteen, or one hundred and twenty, of which seventeen were standing in 1676.

Note 13, Line 3, Page 60.

"Or thou, imperial and pontific Rome."

To describe fully the magnificent remains of this once mighty mistress of the known world, and the marvellous deeds associated with its name and history, would be the occupation of the life of man, however prolonged, or however sedulously employed. Her palaces, her capitol, her forum, her amphitheatres, her temples, and her aqueducts; her senators, her orators, her poets, and her historians; her warriors, her princes, her glory, and her declension, *singuli singulis*, would each form a subject for a separate work, replete with characteristics of all that is great and wonderful of its kind. What a subject, even now, for a reflective mind to dwell upon! When Romulus either raised or enlarged it, after the Etrurians, in the year of the world, as some suppose, 3254, it contained but about three thousand people, and those a sort of banditti. In the Emperor Trajan's days, so vast had been its growth, that its walls were fifty miles in circumference, and its inhabitants amounted to near *seven millions*. In the present day, under the Pontificate, they scarcely amount to two hundred thousand, and its circuit is but about ten Italian miles. At its foundation it gradually increased, till it extended over seven hills; and, at last, it is said, that it occupied thirteen. It now exhibits a curious mixture of magnificent, interesting, and of common and beggarly objects. The former consisting of palaces, churches, fountains, and other the remains of antiquity; the latter comprehending all the rest of the city—a living example of the saying, *From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step*. The most noted objects of modern Rome are St. Peter's Church, which was one hundred years in building; and the Vatican, or Winter-palace of the Pope, which comprehends within its interior space, about twelve thousand five hundred chambers, halls, and other apartments and offices. Here is deposited, perhaps, the most valuable

of earth's treasures—the choicest and richest library, consisting of books and manuscripts probably not to be equalled by the whole world. The Vatican is also admired for its paintings, its grand staircase, and a garden called, by way of eminence, Belvedere, containing the finest collection of exotics in the world. Some have imagined that St. Peter's Church, the work of the master-minds of Michael Angelo, and others, adorned, as it has been, by the creative pencil of a Raphael, surpasses in size and magnificence the finest monuments of ancient architecture. It is incrusted with marble; its length about seven hundred and thirty feet, and breadth five hundred and twenty; its height from the basement to the cross which crowns the cupola, is about four hundred and fifty feet; its statues, basso-relievos, columns, and innumerable other ornaments, are marvellous for their splendour. Of the remains of ancient Rome, the Pantheon is the most perfect of her temples still extant; and is a beautiful specimen of Roman taste, notwithstanding the shocks and depredations it has sustained from Goths, Vandals, and under the authority and countenance of the Popes. The pavilion of the great altar, which stands under the cupola of St. Peter's, and the four wreathed pillars of Corinthian brass which support it, were formed out of the spoils of the Pantheon; which, after one thousand eight hundred years, has still a probability of out-living its more capacious and proudly lifted-up rival. Its circular form has obtained for it the name of the Rotunda. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in height; is nearly the same in breadth; and is without windows, the doors admitting a sufficiency of light. This temple, which the Romans originally erected to the honour of all their gods, as its original name indicates, has been converted into a Christian Church, and is dedicated to the virgin, and all the martyrs and saints of the Roman Catholic Church. The other monuments of ancient Rome are too numerous to be described here; suffice it to say, that as the Pantheon is the most perfect, the Amphitheatre of the Emperor Vespasian is the most stupendous monument of an-

tiquity. And although but one half of its external circuit still remains, there is sufficient to form a pretty correct idea of the extent and magnificence of this structure as a whole.

The author will, perhaps, be pardoned the vanity of subjoining the following Sonnet to this brief notice, which has already been before the public under the title of

THE TEARS OF VIRGIL.

" Un beau fantôme, au visage vermeil,
" Sur un rayon detaché du soleil—"

LA PUCELLE.

As if the Heavens had reveal'd the sight,
Robed in the majesty of other years,
A spirit-form, whose eyes were dim with tears,
Stood on the capitol's revered height
Surveying Rome—imperial, fallen Rome!
For century on century had pass'd
Since he had gaz'd on Cæsar's palace last,
And laid him low in his neglected tomb! *
I knew the Seer—'twas Maro—he who sung
In honied accents her ennobled birth;
Nor little dream'd that, least upon the earth,
Pitied and powerless, and prone among
The kingdoms of the world, a Cæsar's throne
Should live, in after days, by fame alone!

* " The tomb of Virgil," says the author of Italy as it Is, " is a little above the entrance of the grotto (Posilippo) on one side of it. It is a little round building, containing pigeon-holes for sepulchral vases; the laurel has withered, unwilling any longer to bear testimony to the

deceits practised and believed in its neighbourhood. Where, then, was Virgil's tomb? If here, which niche of them all held his ashes? For there is nothing now in any of them. A pleasing illusion is dissipated; but 'Le sage n'est jamais heureux.'" And "The reader will learn with regret," says Eustace, "that Virgil's tomb, consecrated, as it ought to be, to genius and meditation, is sometimes converted into the retreat of assassins, or the lurking-place of *Sbirri*. Such it was, at least, the last time we visited it, when wandering that way about sun-set, we found it filled with armed men. We were surprised on both sides, and on ours not very agreeably at the rencontre, so lonely the place and so threatening the aspect of these strangers. Their manners, however, were courteous; and on inquiry we were informed that they were *Sbirri* laying in wait for a murderer, who was supposed to make that spot his nightly asylum. Few places are in themselves more picturesque, and from the recollections inseparably interwoven with it, no spot is more interesting than the *tomb of Virgil*. The hill, or mountain of *Posilipo*, on which the sepulchre stands, is beautiful in the extreme, and is justly honoured with its appellation, for no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the spirits."

THE SONG
OF THE SPIRIT OF HIRAM.

" * * * * Tu pensi
Forse a questa ruina————"—*Dante.*

ALONE, with desolate vastness around,
The Spirit of Hiram in majesty stood,
In the gloom of decay, by the Tyrian flood,
But where were his princes and palaces found?

The tenantless region his eye could not scan;
The ocean roll'd over where monarchs had frown'd;
When Tyre was the pride and the glory of man,
And man, in his foolishness, God would he crown'd! (1)

Now stood he, his purple the sport of the air, (2)
With none to bow down to his glorified brow;
A trembler—and sung, in the depth of despair,
Of Hiram and Tyre in their glory and woe:—

SONG.

I.

'Queen of the Ocean, now no more, (3)
'Arise! I'd see thee as of yore,
'When Hiram, in imperial state,
'Amidst his thousand Princes sate;
'And Tyre, as from a charmed birth,
'The fairest city of the earth,
'Rose from the bosom of that deep,
'Does o'er her now so reckless sweep.

II.

'I love to swell the glorious theme,
'As poets of the mighty dream;
'To chronicle in burning song
'The past as with a prophet-tongue:
'Yes, I could dwell upon the strain
'Till Tyre and Hiram were again,
'Great as when first from greatness hurl'd
'The king and mistress of the world;—

III.

'Till all the well-remember'd scene
'Again were fair as it has been,
'Which like an Arab vision shone
'Around a universal throne,
'When Hiram's was the princely dow'r
'Of beauty, valour, wealth, and power,
'Such as the Tyrians own'd of yore,
'Such as the Tyrians know no more:

IV.

'Such as upon an ocean-throne,
'As if they'd have all others prone,
'Proudly thy builders bade thee rise
'Before the world's adoring eyes:
'Such as when Macedonia's lord
'Assail'd thee with his conquering sword;
'And Arvad's warriors were thy shield,
'And Persia's host was in thy field.

V.

'I see my palaces arise,
'And proudly towering to the skies;

'My princes thronging in my halls;
'My cities girt with mighty walls;
'My ships along the busy strand,
'As countless as the drifting sand,
'Laden with goodly treasures meet
'To lay, O! Tyrus, at thy feet.

VI.

'And lo! a world of vessels ride
'Careering o'er the subject tide;
'Spreading, to catch the subject gale,
'The gold and purple broider'd sail;
'Their rowers all a princely band
'From Sidon and the Arduan land;
'Their pilots are the Tyrian seers;
'Their freights the world's most precious wares.

VII.

'And priceless gems in Hiram's halls,
'From ermin'd robes and garnish'd walls,
'From couch of gold and ivory such
'As would be taint with mortal touch,

'Are raying round the Tyrian throne
'With splendour such as Tyre alone,
'Or Tyrian Monarchs should behold,
'Or should by Tyrian tongues be told.

VIII.

'Again upon the Tyrian throne
'Shall Hiram sit, the Mighty One
'Whose pow'r unquestioned shall go forth
'From east to west, from south to north:
'In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry land,(4)
'Shall Princes to his fiat bend,
'And hear his will, and do his word,
'As bonded serfs obey their lord.

IX.

'Again the Wisest of the East(5)
'Shall court him in the mental feast,
'And wager in the mystic strife
'A treasure worth a Prince's life;
'And pour upon the Tyrian shores
'His corn and oil in plenteous stores;
'And Hiram shall requite his toil
'With precious wares and forest spoil,

X.

'And pleasure with enchanter's power,
'In mimic scene and fairy bow'r,
'With winged foot and siren tongue,
'Shall lead the Tyrian virgin throng;
'And beauties rare shall wake the lyre,
'Voluptuous dance and dulcet choir,
'Array'd, as orient maidens are,
'In costly robes and jewels rare.

XI.

'The sportive limb, the captive smile,
'The eye of witchery and wile;
, The tempting bosom bar'd to view,
'The cheek of early rose's hue;
'The love-enticing grace of form
'Again shall Hiram's bosom warm;
'Again around his throne be seen,
'Imag'd as lovely as they've been.

XII.

'Fill high the cup with festive wine,
'And bid the royal banquet shine,

'Of viands rare, on massive gold,
'Such as the Tyrians would behold;
'And whilst Aleppo's precious draught
'In proud festivity is quaff'd,
'Let the loud trumpets' brazen strain
'Proclaim that Hiram rules again.

XIII.

'Send to the corners of the earth
'Loud echo upon echo forth,
'Upon the wind's world-spreading wings,
'That all the universe of Kings
'May learn 'tis Hiram who commands,
'And come, with tribute in their hands,
'To humble them before his face,
'And reign, as erst, by Tyrian grace.

XIV.

'Do I command, and none obey?
'My subject-princes, where are they?
'In dust, perhaps, they mould'ring lie;—
'"*In dust!*" an echo makes reply:

'Then all have perish'd which I'd see?
'"*Perish'd!*" an echo answers me—
'Perish'd, and Hiram stands alone,
'Without a subject or a throne!

XV.

'My palaces, my peerless dames,
'Glory and empire scarcely Fame's!
'And is it thus we proudly toil,
'For wasteful Time to make a spoil
'Of all the mightiest empires were?
'Of all the proudest Princes rear?
'Away, then, Hiram, to the tomb,
'And mingle with thy kindred loam!

XVI.

'Away * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * *

'Away! away!'

E'en Echo could no more,
And Hiram's pow'rs of song for aye were o'er.
His royalties in ether died away;
And lo! the Monarch stood, without array,
Who once dictated to a world of thrones,
A wither'd skeleton of sapless bones:
Nor eye to see, nor tooth was there to bite;
Nor tongue to curse, nor vengeful arm to smite;
But dust as powerless, as void of strife,
As that which first receiv'd the breath of life:
For, lo! the wind the desert-region crost,
And with the passing breeze the form was lost—
And where was once a Universal Throne,
Reigns desolation, silent and alone;
And there, upon the boastful Tyrian shore,
Where Hiram's mighty city stood of yore,
The seal of God's omnipotence is set,—
For there the fisherman still spreads his net.*

* Ezekiel xxvi. 5.

NOTES

TO

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF HIRAM.

Note 1, Line 8, Page 95.

"And man, in his foolishness, God would be crown'd."

"Son of man, say unto the Prince of Tyrus, Thus saith the Lord God, Because thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas; yet thou art a man, and not God, though thou set thine heart as the heart of God."—Ezekiel, xxviii. 2.

Note 2, Line 9, Page 95.

"Now stood he, his purple the sport of the air."

Tyre, in her glory, was famous for the *Tyrian purple*, which was extracted from the shell-fish called *Murex*, and was so dear that it was used by none but Princes. "Nunc omnis ejus nobilitas choncylio atque purpura constat."—Plin. *Nat. Hist.* v. 17.

The honour of inventing *scarlet* has also been given to them: "Cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores."—Hor. Ep. vi. lib. 1.

Note 3, Stanza I. Line 1, Page 96.

"Queen of the Ocean!"

"NONE of the cities which were formerly famous," says Hasselquist, in his Iter Palastinum, printed at Stockholm in 1757, "are so totally ruined as TYRE (now called ZUR), except TROY. Zur scarcely can be called a miserable village, though it was once *Tyre, the Queen of the Sea.*" And Maundrel, in his Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, printed in 1707, one of the most intelligent of modern travellers, who visited the Holy Land, 1697, observes, "This city, standing in the sea, upon a peninsula, promises, at a distance, something magnificent; but when you come to it, you find no similitude of that glory for which it was renowned in ancient times, and which the prophet Zekiel describes (chap. XXV. vii. and viii.). On the north side it has an old Turkish ungarrisoned castle; besides which, you see nothing here but a mere Babel of broken walls, pillars, vaults, &c.; there being not so much as an entire house left. Its present inhabitants are only a few poor wretches, harbouring themselves in the vaults, and subsisting chiefly by fishing: who seem to be preserved in the place by Divine Providence, as a visible argument, how God has fulfilled his word concerning Tyre, that it should be as *the top of a wall; a place for fishers to dry their nets upon* (Ezek. XXVII. 14)."

It was anciently insular and continental. The first was the oldest, and was the one noticed by Joshua. It was confined to a small rocky island, about eight hundred paces long and four hundred broad. The continental city, however, being more commodiously situated, first grew into consideration, and assumed the name of *Palætyrus*, or Old Tyre. This city stood about half a mile from the sea, and must have been of vast extent, since many centuries after its demolition by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, against whose force it sustained a siege of thirteen years' duration, the scattered

ruins measured nineteen miles, as we learn from Pliny and Strabo. It also withstood the power of the mighty Assyrian Prince Shalmanesar, who in vain beleagured it for five years; although he cut off their supply of water from the celebrated cisterns of *Rosalayne*, which they remedied by building wells in the city. These are the most curious and surprising relics of Old Tyre: three still remain entire, one or two furlongs from the sea. They are supposed to be the well in the *Canticles* (iv. 15), *As a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.* "The fountains of these waters," says Maundrel, "are as unknown as the contriver of them. According to common tradition, they are filled from a subterraneous river, which King Solomon discovered by his great sagacity; and that he caused these cisterns to be made as a part of his recompense to King Hiram, for the materials furnished by that Prince towards building the Temple at Jerusalem. It is certain, however, from their rising so high above the level of the ground, that they must be brought from some part of the mountains, which are about a league distant; and it is certain, also, that the work was well done at first, seeing it performs its office as well at so great a distance of time,—the Turks having broken an outlet on the west side of the cistern, through which there issues a stream like a brook, driving four corn-mills, between it and the sea." From these cisterns was an aqueduct which led to the city, supported by arches, about six yards from the ground, running in a northerly direction about an hour, when it turns to the west, at a small mount, where anciently stood a fort, but now a Turkish mosque, which seems to ascertain the site of the old city. Thence it proceeds over the isthmus which connects insular Tyre with the main, constructed by Alexander the Great, when he besieged and captured it,—the event referred to above. This he was enabled to do with the materials of Old Tyre; for the Tyrians, finding themselves unable any longer to hold out against Nebuchadnezzar, after a thirteen years' siege, removed all their effects to the insular town, leaving nothing to the visitor but the

bare walls, which he demolished; little dreaming that these ruins would furnish means to a second conqueror, by which they would insure their own ultimate destruction. Insular Tyre, reviving, it is said, like a Phœnix from the ashes of the old city, had grown to immense power and opulence as a maritime state, when Alexander appeared with his powerful army before its walls; and with the abandoned ruins of the old city, constructed that prodigious causeway, or isthmus, by which he established a land connexion with insular Tyre, that enabled him, after an obstinate siege of seven months, to storm and subdue it; when he set fire to it: thereby, in a most remarkable manner, fulfilling the prophecy: "Tyre shall build herself a strong hold, and heap up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. Behold the Lord will cast her out, and He will smite her power in the sea, and she shall be devoured with fire:" which happened B.C. 332.

Pococke, in his Observations on Palestine, 1745, observes, "There are no signs of the ancient city; and as it is a sandy shore, the face of everything is altered, and the great aqueduct is, in many parts, almost buried in the sand."

Insular Tyre so far recovered her calamities under Alexander, as, eighteen years after, to withstand the power of Antigonus, who persevered in a severe siege of fourteen months before he reduced the city. It then fell under the alternate rule of the Kings of Egypt and Syria; then of the Romans; until it was taken by the Saracens, in 639, from whom it was rescued by the Crusaders, 1124; and at length it was sacked and razed to the ground by the Mamelukes of Egypt, together with Sidon, and other strong towns, that they might no longer harbour the Christians, in 1289. The inhabitants had become zealous Christians, and it was made the first Archbishopric under the Patriarchate of Jerusalem. "Near the aqueduct without the town," says Pococke, "I saw a ruin which probably is the place where, according to a tradition they had in the middle ages, though it is now lost, our Saviour preached, when he came into the parts of Tyre and Sidon; and in this coast

it was that he cured the daughter of the Canaanitish woman (Matt. xv. 21. Mark vii. 24). And St. Paul was at Tyre when they dissuaded him from going up to Jerusalem, on apprehending what dangers would befal him (Acts xxi. 34). According to Strabo, Herodotus, and other ancient writers, the buildings of Tyre were extremely magnificent. It had walls surrounding it, one hundred and fifty feet high, of a proportionate breadth; two harbours, large and capacious; a powerful fleet; and was built, as some assert, B.C. 2760 years. Hercules was the chief deity of the old Tyrians, and a temple, dedicated to him, existed in the time of Alexander the Great, which the priests of Tyre affirmed to have been built at the same time with the city.

Note 4, Line 19, Stanza VIII., Page 99.

" In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry land,
" Shall Princes to his fiat bend."

THE Tyrians were not only powerful on account of their vast fleets, but they added to that power by founding colonies and cities in different parts of the world. Carthage, Gades, Utica, &c., were among the latter, afterwards distinguished by the epithet, *Tyria.*—See the *Æneid of Virgil*, &c.

Note 5, Line 13, Stanza IX., Page 99.

" Again the Wisest of the East
" Shall court him in the mental feast."

HIRAM, the Prince of Tyre, who was the son of Abibal, is mentioned by profane writers as distinguished for his magnificence,

and for adorning the city of Tyre. He sent ambassadors to David, when he was acknowledged King by all Israel, with artificers and cedar to build him his palace; and he also sent other ambassadors to congratulate Solomon on his succession to the crown; who desired of him timber and stones for building the Temple, with labourers; which were promised, provided he would supply Hiram with corn, oil, &c. (Joseph. Antiq. lib. 8, cap. 2). Both of which were performed (I. Kings, v. and x.). These two princes lived in a mutually good understanding. Dius (Apud Joseph. contra Appion, lib. 1), who wrote the Annals of Tyre, says that they corresponded, and in the time of Josephus, Hiram's letters, with the answers of Solomon, were still extant. He also, together with Menander of Ephesus, speaks of certain riddles which these two Princes proposed to each other for solution. Dius relates, that Solomon first sent some to Hiram which the latter being unable to expound, paid him a large sum of money; but that afterwards solving them, with the assistance of one Abdemon, and proposing others to Solomon in his turn, which he was unable to expound, Hiram received a much larger sum than he had forfeited. When Solomon had finished all his works (I. Kings, vii.), as some recompense for the aids he had received, he presented Hiram with twenty towns in Galilee, which, when the latter beheld, he was displeased therewith, and called it the *Land of Chabul;* exclaiming, "Are these, my brother, the towns which you have given me?" (I. Kings ix. 11.) From the fourteenth verse of the same chapter, it appears "Hiram sent to the King six score talents of gold;" which was equal to £657,000 of our money. "And this is the reason of the levy which King Solomon raised, For to build the house of the Lord, and his own house, and mills, and the wall of Jerusalem, and Hazor, and Magiddo, and Gezer."

"And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of Almug-trees, and precious stones."

GOD'S EVIDENCE OF HIMSELF.

" Tout rit: du firmament serein
" S'ouvre à nos yeux le superbe portique,
" O Dieu! sois doux et pacifique
" Comme l'ouvrage de ta main!"

Visc. CHATEAUBRIAND.

SHOULD a vain Sceptic, with capricious mind,
Ask, how the universe was first design'd?
Nature, indignant, with reproof replies,
'Confide, proud mortal, in thine ears and eyes;
'Look round the world, behold the work divine,
'And ask thy finite heart—*if it be thine?*'

From the broad forest to the humble gow'n, [1]
That's 'neath our heedless footsteps trodden down;
From the snow-cover'd Blanc, that climbs on high,
E'en to the veil of Heaven, the azure sky,

Down to the humble hillock, where the mole
Does in his subterranean caverns prowl;
Or to the swarming ant-hill, where there dwell
A nation, as within a citadel;
From brawling waters to the babbling brook
Which flows unseen in some sequester'd nook;
From the dread thunder and the lightning's ire,
To whispering breezes and the glow-worm's fire;
From pregnant Ocean—but what tongue can tell
The nameless worlds that in her bosom dwell?
She rolls a marvel; and it is to me
A paradise to wander by the sea,
And ponder o'er the glorious mystery,—
As if I gaz'd upon His holy shrine,
Whose hand eternal pois'd the work divine;
God, my Creator, glorious be His name,
Jehovah, as reveal'd from holy flame,
When Moses in the sacred Presence stood,
Prepar'd to lead his brethren thro' the flood;
When the Almighty, with a marv'lous hand,
Rescu'd thee, Israel, from the heathen band;
And vengeful Pharaoh and his mighty host,
In Edom's overwhelming waves were lost.

Oh! who can gaze upon the starry skies,
Spanning the earth in their celestial guise,
And not in praises pour his spirit forth
To Him whose fiat gave their glories birth?
Or who behold the ever-circling sun,
The lamp of Heav'n, the all-revealing one,
Tho source of heat, and light; whose fostering beams
Gladden Creation's bosom, till she seems
Striving with life, as do the pregnant nest,
Cherish'd beneath the downy parent breast—
And not look up to Heav'n with thankful eyes,
Who set the glorious lamp within the skies?

Behold him rising o'er the pathless sea,
Rob'd in the light of orient majesty;
Spreading his glory o'er her glowing breast,
Fresh from the royal chambers of his rest:
Not all the splendour of Anointed Heads,
The Monarchs of the earth, such glory sheds,
As when his beams the azure heavens unfold,
Curtain'd with rosy clouds and fring'd with gold;
Bas'd on the rolling ocean, dazzling bright
As bridal beauty to a lover's sight.

Behold him setting at the close of day,
How gorgeous in the west he rolls away;
Whilst the fair queen of the refulgent night
Trims her soft lamp at his retiring light,
As if he were that omnipresent eye,
Which notes us when we deem there is none nigh.

Do not the hands of mortals fail to trace
The glorious front of Heav'n's eternal face?
The tints of morning? or the glow of eve?
The beamy beauties the dark hours relieve?

Who, then, but Deity, could e'er create
What man can scarce pourtray, or imitate?
Would he, the proud one! yield to *aimless chance*
Glories for which he dares no claim advance?
'Twas God, th'Omnipotent, and God alone,
Meet to conceive and near so bright a throne,
Builded the glorious planetary sphere,
And in siderial splendour lingers there.
Who when the withering fires and thunders cease,
And earth and sky again repose in peace,

Bends in the Heav'ns the glorious summer-bow,
That floods o'er delug'd earth no more may flow?

Is it your God? or is it thee, O! man,
Gives to the vision-arch its perfect span—
Its thousand hues—its pow'rs to go and come—
When, like the rolling of a funeral drum,
The distant murmurs of the tempest die,
And its protecting glory arch the sky,
Bright to the gaze of wond'ring man, as 'twere
The eye of gracious Heav'n reposing there?
Earth, sea, and sky regain their wonted calm;
Trees, plants, and flow'rs seem bath'd in fragrant balm;
And, redolent in smiles, again rejoice
Whilst woodland songsters raise their tuneful voice,
At the bright presence of that glorious bow,
Heav'n's own Memento of His Mercy-vow. (6)
Is here not cause for thee, O man! to raise
Thy voice on high in humble pray'r and praise?
If still you seek for more which Heav'n has done,
Why He alone should reign the Worship'd One,
Look on the insect world, and there behold (8)
The marv'lous tribes earth's treasuries unfold,

Each in itself a living miracle,
Made for thee, man, a greater than them all.

Thou dost, perhaps, some rare device produce,
Of curious structure, and unrival'd use;
But has it sense? or instinct? language? mind?
Is it not inert? speechless? helpless? blind?
Where is its growth progressive? Where its pow'r
To multiply its species? Ev'n an hour
Shall some, from Heav'n's own wonder-working hand
So multiply, that they shall throng the land
In countless myriads. Mortal, is it thine,
Or is it God's omnipotence divine,
Works with such means, such never-failing ends,
As to effect His marv'lous labour tends?
Not only tends, but lo! before our eyes,
With quick succession in perfection rise.

He needs no arts mechanic, years of thought,
To search for means by which they're to be wrought:
To beautify the structure of His hand;
He bids them in a moment throng the land,

The air, the waters. Witness but the plague
The locusts spread o'er Egypt for her league:
He blew, and lo! they came like clouds of sand,
And wasted all the promise of their land.
But turn we not to Records proudly fraught
With works beyond the laws of nature wrought:
Earth, sea, and air are all replete with life,
With tribes of creatures for our wonder rife;
Invisible, perchance, but men the more
Have cause to ponder and the work adore;
As with their artificial aids they trace
Jehovah in his wonder-hiding place.
Ev'n in a dew-drop there's a living charm,
A property develop'd, must disarm
The impious tongue of him who durst advance
The *à priori* subtleties of chance,
Shadows, or vain conceptions of a mind
To Heav'n's high attributes *perversely* blind.

But turn we ev'n to thee, O man! by far
The master-piece of Heav'n's Artificer:
God was the potter that didst mould thy clay,
And call'd it 'Man,' whilst yet it lifeless lay;

When lo! to perfect the miraculous whole,
He breath'd therein an everlasting soul—
Thou, the frail creature that would'st doubt his pow'r—
And plac'd thee in a paradisal bow'r,
With all things for thy sustenance and need,
Whom Lord of Earth His gracious will decreed.

Behold the brutes which perish, ev'n to be
The partial means of keeping life in thee,—
God gave them for thy use, when lo! the good
And favour'd few were rescu'd from the flood:
They pass away for ever, as the fern,
Which feeds the oven, shall no more return;
Whil'st thou, above all other creatures blest,
Heav'n hath reserv'd to an eternal rest.

After His Likeness form'd, by hands divine,
Less than perfection, man, could scarce be thine;
But 'twas a wond'rous pow'r, which thus the earth
Could mould, tho' ev'n of a celestial birth,
With veins and arteries, and tongue and heart,
And nerves so finely trac'd through ev'ry part;

And eyes, and ears, and arms, and hands, and feet,
And ev'ry member for its office meet;
All cloth'd in comeliness, with perfect skill,
And all obedient to the creature's will!

O! Thou most perfect and mirac'lous thing,
Volition! when of thy deep source I'd sing,
I feel, indeed, I am but finite clay,
Seeking to sing what Heav'n alone can say;
Seeking to know what man shall never find—
The dwelling-place of the immortal mind!
Yet, whilst I think, and speak, and do, and will,
This spirit-mind the wond'ring mortal fill;—
Fill me with trembling! yet with hope, that I
May rest my faith on Him who dwells on high:
Hope, did I say? O creature! wherefore so
The healing balm of certainty forego?
Hope not—but O! believe beyond the grave
There is a world, and He has pow'r to save,
To bring you to that realm of joy and bliss,
Whose hands thee made, whose word created this.
How marv'lously the vital currents flow;
How marv'lously the fires of Nature glow;

As marv'lously the Pow'r did work which wrought
The reasoning faculties of speech and thought;
The source through which we act, ev'n as we will;
Surpassing all mechanic art or skill
Has e'er display'd; for they alone produce
A motive pow'r of but a single use:
A watch will mark the time, but nothing more; (5)
An engine acts with but a single pow'r.
Can these *automata* or laugh or weep?
Eat or digest, or dream in weary sleep?
Or paint the vision thus pourtray'd or wrought?
Or, years gone by, rehearse the treasur'd thought?

To all these questions we must answer 'No!'
And he is wise who always answer'd so:
For 'tis a fearful thing in the same breath
To place the works of Heav'n by those of Earth;
As if you would His majesty demean,
Without whose fiat, thou had'st never been.

NOTES

TO

GOD'S EVIDENCE OF HIMSELF.

Note 1, Line 7, Page 111.

" From the broad forest to the humble gow'n."

It is impossible for the most ordinary observer not to be struck with the unrivalled beauty manifested in the Floral Kingdom, as indicative of a divine origin. Still more manifest is it in the abundant variety, propagation, progressive growth, and durability of the trees of the forest; affording, as they originally did, and still do, in a degree, shelter, food, and clothing to man. It is true that many, especially the " forest monarch," as the oak has been aptly called, is an age in coming to maturity; but, observes Evelyn, it is generally supposed to live one thousand years. And in a poem, by the Emperor of China, Chon Ching, of which a translation was published at Paris in 1770, under the the title of *Elogé de Monkden*, a tree is spoken of which in that country lives more than one hundred ages; and another which at the end of eighty is only in its prime. The commentators upon this passage, observes the Edinburgh Journal of Science, quote authority to prove that the last-mentioned, ' the immortal tree,' is only in its prime at the age of ten thousand years.

Note 2, Line 3, Page 112,

" Or to the swarming ant-hill, where there dwell
" A nation as within a citadel."

NATURALISTS universally ascribe to this portion of the insect world, an *instinct* which could alone have resulted from a design —the perfection of which none but an Infinite Being, endued with the attributes of the Godhead, could have conceived. The conveniency displayed in the construction of their subterranean abodes; the sagacity manifested in the collection and preservation of their food; and, as Huber asserts of one species, the ingenuity they display in warring with others; in their single combats; in their address in making captives and retaining them in servitude as slaves; and in the construction of their defences, combining in them all the essential principles of warfare, is truly surprising.

Note 3, Line 8, Page 114.

" Do not the hands of mortals fail to trace
" The glorious front of Heav'n's eternal face?

THERE is no single feature in which man more manifestly displays his deficiencies of mind as well as of body, as must be evident to all persons conversant with the fine arts, great as the efforts of such men as Claude and others have been, than in his attempts to depicture the beauties of nature, more especially of the Heavens. The splendour of a rising, a noontide, or a setting sun; the moon and stars in their refulgent beauty; Nature under their magic influence; have never yet been subject to such a master-hand, but that we turn from the works of art with a higher admiration of the unrivalled beauties of Nature; a still higher admiration of their Creator; and a conviction that man was, indeed, made " a little lower than the angels."

Note 4, Line 16, Page 115.

——————— "that glorious bow,
"Heav'n's own memento of His mercy-vow."

THIS phenomenon, the Manifest Covenant between Noah and his Creator, that the world should no more be subject to a deluge, which Bailey not inaptly defines "a meteor of divers colours," has been questioned by some sceptical commentators on the Holy Scriptures, as to its miraculous origin, because it is now, in the advanced state of science, truly ascertained to be the effect of natural causes. But, I would ask, are not the *seasons* the effect of natural causes also? Yet few or none will deny the causes thereof to have been of a miraculous origin. The same argument holds good as to the origin of day and night, heat and cold, the tides, the winds, &c.; none of which could have existed, any more than the rainbow,—"Heav'n's own memento of His mercy-vow,"—but for the miraculous creation of the causes by which these several effects are now produced; and that with such undeviating regularity, be it observed, that he who should dare to question the recurrences of them at their accustomed periodic seasons, as heretofore, would be justly suspected of labouring under the fearful malady of insanity; or some not less pitiable state of intellectual weakness or delusion!

Note 5, Line 21, Page 115.

"Look on the insect world."

OF the almost numberless variety of insects that continually present themselves to the most indifferent observer of Nature, it is impossible but some must have attracted his notice, either from the beautiful variety of colours that adorn them, the texture of

their several parts, or the instinct which directs their several movements in search of food or for safety. But what, indeed, would be his admiration were he fully acquainted with their several natures, their wonderful propagation of their species, or the millions that exist, of which he has never dreamt. Sturm calculates that there are thousands of insects in a *crumb of bread.* Malegleu says that he has seen living animalculæ *twenty-seven millions of times smaller than mites;* and by means of the recent improvements in microscopes, it has been ascertained that there are *millions of living insects in a single drop of water.* Baker observes of the hair-like insects, which he discovered in a ditch flowing into the river at Norwich, in Norfolk, "they are so small that millions of millions of them might be contained in a quarter of an inch square." Yet, he adds, they were so slender, that they were frequently one hundred and fifty times as long as they were broad. M. Robineau Desroiddy is said lately to have stated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that on opening a viper, one of the species usually termed Red Snakes, he found more than three thousand little ones, in different states. One extraordinary feature in insects is their muscular strength in comparison with their size: the Cockchafer's being six times greater than that of the Horse. Linnæus says, that if an elephant were as strong in proportion as a Stag-beetle, it would be able to tear up rocks and level mountains. But we may understand the proximate cause of the strength of insects, when we consider the prodigious number of their muscles, the fleshy belts or ribands, by means of which are performed all animal motions. Those of the human body are calculated at five hundred and twenty-nine; whilst those of the Caterpillar of the Goat-moth are estimated at seven times the number: that is, in the head two hundred and twenty-eight; in the body, one thousand six hundred and forty-seven; and round the intestines, two thousand one hundred and eighty-six; which, after deducting twenty, common to the head and gullet, leaves a total of four thousand and sixty-one. Shall this wonderful

organization of matter be attributed to chance? Or is there not, I would ask, an Infinite Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent Being, to whom must be attributed the glory of creating what the creature so imperfectly comprehends?

Note 6, Line 7, Page 120.

"A watch will mark the time, but nothing more."

THE reader is here referred to the admirable opening of Paley's Natural Theology, a work to which the author fearlessly appeals for the establishment of the truth of many of his positions; though he disclaims having founded any portion of his text thereon.

A FOOL'S SPEECH.

Should any, hastening to an impious goal,
Peril their dearest thing, th' Immortal Soul,
And cry—'There is no God!'—tell them they're mad,
And do but echo what the Fool hath said.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

There is a flow'r,
Which gems the bow'r,
The sweetest that is seen;
The Lily hight,
With blossoms white,
And leaves of purest green.

Like modest maid,
It seems afraid
To mingle with the crowd;
And dwells retir'd—
Yet is admired,
And has its charms allow'd.

MAN BREAKING SILENCE.

Prometheus, on a time, the ancients say,
Made him a mortal man of earth or clay;
But finish'd, lo! the soulless creature lay
Silent and motionless and still was clay;
Till climbing Heav'n, he sought celestial aid
To animate the creature he had made.

As easy might the Atheist, I should say,
Pursuing him the self-same working way,
Mould him a man—but finish'd, lo! 'twould lay
E'en like Promethean labours—lifeless clay:
Nor would the creature dare to climb on high
To steal the spark celestial from the sky,
Who not alone the power of Heav'n defies,
But e'en the existence of his God denies.

When Heaven tried His hand at the same trade,
And call'd the creature man which He had made,—

He gave him life and power to will and speak—
E'en now, methinks, I hear him silence break—
See him stand list'ning to the heav'n-born sound,
As Eden's holy bowers it echoes round—
See all the creatures, as his voice goes forth,
Crowding them round the appointed Lord of Earth,
And as he calls them by their names they seem
In doubtful marvel, as it were a dream.

LINES

ON THE POET COWPER.

Cowper, thy name arouses in my mind
All that's benevolent and good and kind:
Faith, Hope, and Charity, within thy breast,
Near a warm heart in fellowship were placed;
Did ev'ry man but love his kind like thee—
What harmony on earth would mortals see.

WOMAN

" En quelle partie du ciel, dans quel ordre de beauté etait le modèle que la nature imita en formant tant d'attraits?"

LA DANSE.

To live and not be lov'd—I would not be
The proudest Monarch of this mighty earth:
The richest empire would be nothing worth
If Love and Friendship were estranged from me:
Who would, if sickness or bereavement e'er
Stretch'd me upon my couch and search'd my brow,
Watch o'er me tenderly as I lay low,
And bathe my burning temples with a tear?
As once she poured on Christ the holy oil
And wiped His feet with her all-beauteous hair,
So would I have her bless my ev'ry toil,
In fond humility, unmixed with fear,
Thou that first gave the fond affections birth,
WOMAN! the kindest, loveliest thing on earth.

CHARITY.

" Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
" And visits man with beams of light and love."

ROGERS.

GENTLE as if descended from the skies,
And lovely as an angel-form must be,
A spirit, as methought, before mine eyes,
Amidst the sons of man stole silently.
I watch'd her progress—as she seem'd to shun
The eyes of all who would have known the cause,
Why she was blest with murmurs of applause,
When issuing from the homes of wretchedness?
She fed the hungry; clothed nakedness;
Watched with the mourner; and upbraided none;
But as the Saviour of the world before
Had done, she bade them '*go and sin no more!*'
'Twas then I knew the angel-form to be
The heav'n born spirit, Hallow'd Charity.

THE UNIVERSAL CONSENT.

"Tout rit."

WHERE shall I seek a witness of the Lord—
Is it alone in His Revealed Word?—
Methinks I hear a million tongues reply,
From the broad earth and the o'er-arching sky;
From mountain heights and wildernesses drear;
From ocean-depths and ice-bound regions where
The sons of men their snow-built caverns rear;—
'Here, here, here, here—you'll find us everywhere!'

THE PROGRESS OF TIME.

"Tempus fugit."
Hor.

MOMENTS a minute form, and hours the day;
Days rise to weeks, and weeks to months give way;
Months yield to years;—thus Time does fleetly fly:
We're born,—we live,—and in a moment die.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

"Je saluais L'Aurore naissante."

Sublimely beauteous is the Dawn of Day,
When neither Sun, nor Moon, nor Star prevails;
When bright Aurora, clad in chaste array,
With orient smile empearled nature hails:
At such a moment let the mind essay,
As 'twere the primal morn, at even's close,*
To think awhile upon that mighty day,
When high the glorious arch of Heav'n arose:
When too, magnificent, the worldly fame
Of trackless earth and ocean rose to view;
And lifeless clay divine efflatus drew;
Stupendous works of God, from Chaos came:
My soul, uplifted, sees with adoration
The Dawn of Day—as 'twere a World's Creation.

* "*And the evening and the morning were the first day*" (Gen. i. 5). "By the *evening* is here denoted," says Dr. Wells, "one whole course of *darkness;* and by the *morning* the next following whole course of *light.* The evening is mentioned *before* the morning, probably because darkness was *before* light, according to the history of the creation." "Hence," adds Dr. Kidder, "the *natural* day of the Jews *begun* in the evening (Levit. xxiii. 32). The Hebrews, observes Browne, in his Theological Dictionary, began their *sacred,* if not their *civil* day, from the evening, as did the ancient Athenians. The Austrians, Bohemians, Marcomans, Silesians, Modern Italians, and Chinese, still do the same.

THE POETS' APOTHEOSIS.

" O de glialtri poeti honore e lume."

DANTE.

As amidst Granta's classic fanes I rov'd
To see the setting sun's last beams awhile
Blazon the summits of each sacred pile,
And smile upon the scenes my fancy lov'd,—
Great Homer's shade methought I did behold,
In glorious majesty and splendour bright,
Enthron'd amidst a cloud of radiant gold,
Too heavenly for gaze of mortal sight.
Forth Virgil stood to kneel and to adore;
Then Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Cowper, came
And prostrate fell the honour'd sage before,
Whilst round their brows he bound the wreath of fame—
He set the worthies on his left and right,
And all were borne to an immortal height.

THE ATHEIST ABASHED.

———"He from heaven's height
"All these our motions vain, sees and derides:
"Not more almighty to resist our might,
"Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles."

MILTON.

AN ATHEIST! which means a captious man,
Conceited, self-sufficient, laid a plan
To puzzle God's officiating Priest,
Or hold him up to ridicule at least.
The Infidel, close follow'd by some others,
In vanity and disbelief his brothers,
Call'd on the man of God, and thus began
To question him in his religious ken:—
'Now, Mr. Minister, by your paroles,
'Do you profess and hope to save men's souls?'
The pious man replied to him, 'Sir, yes,
'With God's assistance, that's what I profess.'
'Did you e'er see a soul?' the scoffer cried;
'I never did,' the man of God replied:

'Hear, taste, or smell a soul?' To all these, lo!
The man of God with modesty said, 'No!'
'That you e'er felt a soul, do you profess?'
The preacher answer'd, 'Thanks to God, Sir, yes:'
'Well,' said the heathen Doctor, when he'd done,
'There are four senses, Sir, against your one
'There is a soul!—' 'But hold, Sir,' said the priest,
'I've answer'd you, now answer me at least:
'To cure men's bodies, don't you, Sir, profess?'
The heathen Doctor answer'd him, 'Sir, yes:'
'Did you e'er see a pain?' He answer'd, 'No!'
'Hear, taste, or smell a pain?' To all these, lo!
The heathen Doctor answer'd him, 'Sir, no.'
'That you e'er felt a pain, do you confess?'
The Infidel replied to him, 'Sir, yes.'
'Well,' said the man of God, when he had done,
'There are four senses, Sir, against your one
'There is a pain!—yet you know there's a pain!
'And I know there's a soul!'—But not again
The Scoffer spoke: by his own weapon lash'd,
The heathen Doctor sneak'd away abash'd.

LAMENT O'ER HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

(From the Latin of CATULLUS.)

'THROUGH many nations, and o'er many a wave,
'I come, I come, my Brother, to thy grave;
'That thy loved ashes may receive from me
'Those hallow'd rites our fathers would decree:
'But oh! in vain I greet thy silent shade,
'Since death has snatch'd, alas! thyself from thee,
'Hid in the tomb, thy cold remains, from me,
'And number'd thee for ever with the dead.
'Accept, my Brother, these fraternal tears,
'With honours such as graced our parents' biers;
'Called far away from where thine ashes dwell,
'For ever, O, my Brother! fare thee well.

TO • • • •

THERE'S not a star in all the glorious sky
More beautiful than Hebe's youthful eye—
'Tis pity that such loveliness should die.

ELEGIAC STANAZS:

Addressed to LADY HEATHCOTE on the death of her beloved Son, LIEUTENANT THOMAS HEATHCOTE, at Bombay.

"My boy! my boy! my blessed boy!"
SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

I.

CHILD of my bosom! and art thou for ever
Torn from the fond arms of her who adored thee?
Child of my bosom! shall I again never
Behold thee in life, nor in death e'en weep o'er thee?
Must thy fond mother eternally sever
The hope that she's cherish'd for thee from her breast?
Oh, no, my lov'd boy! we shall meet where, for ever,
All sorrow shall cease and the weary find rest.

II.

Why was I absent when death hung upon thee!
No hand but thy Mother's thine eyes should have closed—
The last look of thine would have then been upon me,
Her in whose bosom thy head had reposed.

Must thy fond mother eternally sever
The hope that she's cherish'd for thee from her breast?
Oh, no, my lov'd boy! we shall meet where, for ever,
All sorrow shall cease and the weary find rest.

III.

Who'll weep o'er thee, lov'd one, as I would have wept?
Who'll cherish the turf that blooms o'er thy lone grave?
Where, where shall they tell me thine ashes have slept?
In a far distant land that is trod by the slave!
Must thy fond mother eternally sever
The hope that she's cherish'd for thee from her breast?
Oh, no, my lov'd boy! we shall meet where, for ever,
All sorrow shall cease and the weary find rest.

IV.

Oft shall I recall thy lov'd form to mine eyes—
In mem'ry oft dwell on thy fondly lov'd name—
Oft think I behold thee flit thro' the blue sky—
Oft fold my lov'd boy to my breast in a dream.
Must thy fond mother eternally sever
The hope that she's cherish'd for thee from her breast?
Oh, no, my lov'd boy! we shall meet where, for ever,
All sorrow shall cease and the weary find rest.

THE VALUE OF PATIENCE.

"With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin."
ORIENTAL PROVERB.

MANY will thwart their best imagin'd schemes
With heedless haste and undigested dreams,
And mar the purpose of their wise intent,
Unsway'd by patience and self-government.
As if, preferring Fate to Providence—
A want of Hope and Faith were no offence.
Read thine own History, Children of the Earth,
And learn thy wisdom is of little worth:
For thus the Mighty Ones have been cast down
To bear contumely and the proud man's frown,
Who else had worn a crown!

PRENEZ GARDE.

TRUST not o'er much in any thing save Heav'n—
For all besides to fickleness are given.

THE WELCOME.

" Ces tendres accens sont-ils l'expression de ta doleur ?"

The tired disbanded Soldier reach'd the hill
Which oft in playful childhood had seduced
His truant steps to wander from the course.
His lov'd, his native village met his view,
As beautiful in wild simplicity,
As when the rattling drum and whistling fife
Aroused the ardour of her peaceful swains,
And wily sergeant told the tempting tale,
Of martial honours, and of countless gains,
Of maidens won by warrior's gaudery,
And lured him from his native fields afar.
O! what remembrance rose within his mind
When he beheld, amidst the lovely scene,
The village gambol-green; the low thatched cot,
Where first the vital air of heav'n he drew,
And danced amid sweet scenes of mirthful joy,
Of rustic-revel, merry-making games,
When age with youth is free, at ev'ry tide,

To drown their years in frolic mimicry.
Encircled now by fields of waving corn,
By fruitful orchards, and by flowery meads,
By lowing kine and herds at sluggard ease,
Browsing upon the succulent sweet herbs;
He thought they never look'd so sweet before;—
And as he bless'd the threshold of his home,
Nature her tribute would not be denied:—
Then roll'd the manly drop within his eye;
Then beat his heart with palpitating pulse—
Had he a Sire? a tender Mother still?
His faithful dog, was Rover still alive?
Just then a rustling from a neighbouring copse
Broke on his ear; 'twas Rover.—He again
The well-remember'd features had descried.—
The faithful creature lick'd the wanderer's hand,
And whined and leaped for joy at his return:
This quite unmann'd the Soldier,—he'd have spoke,—
But utterance was denied, twas past a dream;
And lo! his Sire advanced, with hoary brow
And tottering step, leaning upon a staff;
For wayward Time had run through fourscore years,
And left him what he found him at the first,—

A child!—" My son!" the good old man exclaimed;
He could no more, but sunk into his arms
And welcom'd him upon his throbbing breast.
A scanty crape his russet hat entwin'd,—
This token told the rest,—he wept the cause.

THE SABBATH.

" Think what a Sabbath there shall be,
" The Sabbath of Eternity!"
REV. T. GRIMFIELD.

HAIL! silent, solemn, sacred Day of Rest,—
Jehovah's record of His own repose,
When round, in beauteous harmony, arose
The works His word created and then blest!
Thou art a monitor to heedless man
Should warm his bosom with a hallowed flame,
In songs divine to celebrate His name,
His mercy and His holiness to scan.

The very beasts beseem their thanks to feign;
The birds in sweeter carols hymn their lays;
The troubled ocean, as in choral praise,
Rolls gentlier as 'twould reverence Thy reign! *
Bow down, O man! in humble attitude,
And be not last to burn with gratitude.

* This idea may alone exist in the imagination of the author, but when standing on the brink of "*the world of mighty waters*," on a Sabbath morning, there has ever seemed to him, that glorious spirit of peace and holiness abroad, "stilling the waves," which at the creation "*moved upon the face of the waters.*" Nor to a contemplative mind, imbued with a fearful sense of the power and mercy and holiness of the Creator, is this thought, this holy impression, confined to "*the heap of great waters*:"—trees, plants, and flowers; the firmament; the earth and air; the deep forest and the lisping groves; the green pastures and the waving corn fields; the flocks that browse in the vallies; the birds of the air; and, in the language of holiness, those that make their nest on the house-tops; from the worm to the elephant; from the wren to the pelican of the wilderness; from things animate to things inanimate; this "spirit of the beauty of holiness" will not only be perceived, but even be felt to be abroad on that day of rest appointed for universal prayer, praises, and thanksgiving to Almighty God.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

" Nor more nor less, but just as much as tends
" To frame the world and serve all nature's ends."

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

THE life of man
Is but a span,
A journey or a flight;
At morn begun,
At noon half run,
And ended at midnight.

A helpless boy
Pleased with a toy;
A man of hopes and fears;
When tottering age,
With sickness rage,
He quits this vale of tears.

If so short, then,
The life of man,
O let him live with grace,
That dying, he
Eternally
May see his Maker's face.

THE GLORY OF THE STARS.

"Look up and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had the stars never appeared in the Heavens, to man there would have been no Heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious."

JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

O YE, the glittering witnesses of God,
Gems in the vault of that celestial fane
Which only saints' and angels' feet have trod,
How glorious still ye ray—though time has lain
Thousand on thousand years for ever by,
Since thou wert made by Heav'n's Almighty hand,
And blossom'd forth in that eternal sky
Beneath His throne, sublime in mystery.
Ye are the harbingers of the far land
Where Christ, the Saviour of the world, abides
In glorious majesty; at His right hand
Who through the maze of life creation guides;
And there, celestial Argus of the skies,
Ye keep the gates of Heav'n with wakeful eyes.

A MATIN SONG.

" The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
" With ev'ry different being they contain,
" Are one prodigious, aggregated God."

BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

AWAKE, my soul—the Lord has oped the day;
Unveil'd, Creation's spread before mine eyes;
The teeming earth receives the quick'ning ray;
The waters sparkle with a thousand dyes:
Painted by Nature's hand, awake and see
The flowery world unbosom and rebloom;
Preparing revels for the thrifty bee,
Breathing o'er all around a rich perfume:
The verdure smiles, the plants are bright with dew;
From feather'd choirs unnumber'd hymns arise;
The forest proudly stretch beyond the view;
The rocks and giant mountains climb the skies;
And Ocean, with a splendour wond'rous bright,
Rolls to their base with a resistless might.

THE MARTYRS.

"To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus dei Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.—Then also thy temple, oh, eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests, will be fixed in the grave of a martyr."

JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

SOULS of the pious and unshrinking few
Who seal'd their faith amidst consuming flames,
Let poësy around your hallow'd names
Breathe thoughts of sorrow pure as earthly dew.
CRANMER, and LATIMER, and RIDLEY, thine,
With lo! the mem'ry of a thousand more,
Thus in eternal song she would enshrine,
With plaudits such as none have heard before:
Thou that wert tried within the fiery flame,
E'en as the precious metals are assay'd;
And thence came forth more perfect still to fame,
As did your SAVIOUR, to the Cross betray'd.
Thine was the glory, like the Christ, to die
The hallow'd Victims of Apostacy!

THE BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

" La somma sapientia, el primo amore."

DANTE.

GREAT God, all-powerful, all-wise first cause;
Who did the universal whole create;
Author and Teacher of those Perfect Laws
Would win frail man to an Immortal State:
Who gave, upon the Cross to die the death,
That man, ungrateful man, might still be blest,
And be partaker of Thy heav'nly rest,
Thine only Son, revil'd in His last breath.
So bounteous, so stupendous are Thy ways;
Mysterious, merciful beyond compeer;
Jehovah, God the Lord, Ancient of Days,
Let me approach Thee, with a holy fear,
To scan the works of one so great, so good—
Who bids the thunder roll, and moves upon the flood.

NIGHT.

"La nuit repande ses crêpes funèbres sur toute la nature."

NIGHT falls upon the earth with solemn gloom,
And nature seems, with a religious awe,
Nearer and nearer to the skies to draw,
In spirit such as dwell around the tomb.
Anon the stars pierce through the deep blue sky,
The moon rolls forth in glory broad and bright,
The fleecy clouds in soft effulgence lie
Scatter'd like magic far beyond the sight.
O! that such loveliness should look upon
The works of earth's too sordid children—where,
Perchance a deed of deepest dye is done,
Heedless of supplicating cry or tear—
An Abel murther'd by another Cain,—
And the dread mark is set on man again.

STANZAS TO * * * *

" Sans amis, comme sans famille,
" Ici bas vivre en etranger "

LE PORTRAIT.

OH! what is life, without a friend
To cheer our path of sorrow?
A ling'ring journey without end,
Too long if closed to-morrow.

And yet there are but few, I fear,
Can say they ever knew one;
My heart has planted many there,
And now, I trust, a true one.

For oft I fain would have believ'd,
But, heartless beyond measure,
They would not let me be deceiv'd,
Lest ignorance should be pleasure.

Is there no truth in gratitude?
Is honour but a name, then?
Alas! I fear beatitude
Is but an earthly dream, then.

Go, Man—I leave thee to thy ways—
Thou scarce can'st bend to be
The friend of Him of Ancient Days,
Who died for love of thee.

But Woman—I would have thee true
As magnet to the north;
That like a dove with olive bough
Thy spirit may go forth.

That like an angel from the skies,
On peaceful errand bound,
Wherever man in sorrow lies,
Thy presence may be found.

Nor grief too heavy to be borne,
Nor sorrow shall there be,
O'er which the sons of men shall mourn—
If they are sooth'd by thee.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

"Non dices hodie?"
HOR.

THE moments swiftly pass away,
Which proves 'tis dangerous to delay:
That which you can to-day fulfil,
You never should delay until
To-morrow comes! For then you'll say,—
'Nay, let it be some other day.'

WOULD'ST THOU BE HOLY.

WOULD'ST thou be holy—learn thy faults to scan;
Be pure of heart towards Heav'n and towards man;
Fear God, with faith in Christ, His only son;
And let your works be such as He'd have done:
Be eyes unto the blind; feet to the lame;
And minister, in His eternal name,
To those who hunger houseless by the way;
To those who sorrowing may in prison lay;
Dry up the orphan's tears with sure relief;
And cherish those oppress'd with sick'ning grief;
Then man shall count thee holy as a HOWARD,
And Heav'n approve it as a just award.

TO THE SHADE OF COLUMBUS.

"A cheap honour was decreed to Columbus by Ferdinand after his death. He ordered a monument to be erected to his memory with this inscription:—

'Por Castilla y por Leon
'Nuevo Mundo Hallo Colon:'

For Castile and Leon Columbus founded a new world. A record of the great debt of gratitude due to the discoverer, which the monarch had so faithlessly neglected to discharge."

IRVING'S *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, iv. 46

IMMORTAL Spirit of that searching mind
And world-perceiving man, Columbus, hear,
Whilst poësy atone thy slighted bier,
And round thy name her votive chaplets bind.
Thus o'er thy wrongs she weeps, aspiring brave,
Who sought a second coronet to bind
The brows of one distrustful and unkind,
Who almost grudg'd the wanderer a grave!
If fortitude e'er dwelt in human heart
Above the lot of mortals to possess,
Thine was the mind to act the daring part,
And rise above all wrong.—He would no less
Forget to pay to God his righteous due,
Who would withhold immortal fame from you.

LAMENT O'ER HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

(From the Latin of CATULLUS.)

'THROUGH many nations, and o'er many a wave,
'I come, I come, my Brother, to thy grave;
'That thy loved ashes may receive from me
'Those hallow'd rites our fathers would decree:
'But oh! in vain I greet thy silent shade,
'Since death has snatch'd, alas! thyself from thee,
'Hid in the tomb, thy cold remains, from me,
'And number'd thee for ever with the dead.
'Accept, my Brother, these fraternal tears,
'With honours such as graced our parents' biers;
'Called far away from where thine ashes dwell,
'For ever, O, my Brother! fare thee well.

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More beautiful than Hebe's youthful eye—
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ELEGIAC STANAZS:

Addressed to LADY HEATHCOTE on the death of her beloved Son, LIEUTENANT THOMAS HEATHCOTE, at Bombay.

"My boy! my boy! my blessed boy!"
SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

I.

CHILD of my bosom! and art thou for ever
Torn from the fond arms of her who adored thee?
Child of my bosom! shall I again never
Behold thee in life, nor in death e'en weep o'er thee?
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The hope that she's cherish'd for thee from her breast?
Oh, no, my lov'd boy! we shall meet where, for ever,
All sorrow shall cease and the weary find rest.

II.

Why was I absent when death hung upon thee!
No hand but thy Mother's thine eyes should have closed—
The last look of thine would have then been upon me,
Her in whose bosom thy head had reposed.

II.

Now o'er the waters gliding soft;
Now whistling in the air aloft;
Hark! now it clacks by yonder mill;
And now the vale its thunders fill;
Now in a grove
'Tis whisp'ring love;
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere.

III.

It lingers in the dell to mock
The cuckoo's song, the village clock;
Or by the moonlit magic hour,
It mimics, from a sylvan bow'r
Where owlets flit,
'Too-whit, too-whit!'
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere.

IV.

In hollow oaks, in caverns deep;
Along the brook, or down the steep;
Where gossip-gnomes in secret dwell;
Or in the chink, or flow'r, or shell—
There Echo lies
In airy guise;
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere

V.

Where Beauty sits her list'ning by,
With breath suppress'd and raptur'd eye,
Whilst Zephyrs o'er Æolian strings
Are sweeping with their air-spun wings—
There Echo plays
Its fairy lays;
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere.

VI.

In deserts, with no mortals nigh;
Where vultures roost and eagle's fly;
Where tigers lurk and lions prowl,
And savage wolves with hunger howl,
Her mimic voice
The wilds rejoice;
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere.

VII.

Where the rude billows lash the shore,
Or waters fall with deaf'ning roar;
Or where the fisher's bark is seen,
On Albion's gallant Ocean-queen,
Her voice is heard,
And often fear'd;
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere.

VIII.

'Tis in the breeze, the blast, the show'rs;
Amid the rocks, the groves, the bow'rs;
'Tis o'er the heath, the lake, the hill,
Echo echo's answering still—
Sighing, dying,
Bounding, flying;
Dancing here,
Dancing there,
Like a fairy, everywhere.

REMORSE.

The man of pleasure, in his vain career,
Disdains to think of Heav'n, with hope or fear,
Till Death prepares to terminate his course,
And then he thinks—with terrible remorse.

TIME NOT ETERNAL.

TIME hath nor wing nor foot, yet moves with pace
Shall distance all things in life's rapid race,
Save only one—the Eternal and Sublime,
And He shall, ever foremost, distance Time.

A FRAGMENT.

Written on beholding Roubiliac's Statue of The Illustrious Newton, in the Ante-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.

I STAND before thee, O! thou lifeless stone,
As though thou wert some mighty living one,
Searching with prescient eye my mind's recess,
And laying open all its littleness:
Thou, in whose soul Omnipotence did place
The pow'r Creation's secret ways to trace;
The sun and moon and stars' unerring course—,
Of light and darkness the eternal source;
Each vital principle aright to scan,
And rectify the creeds of erring man.

TRUTH EXISTENT WITH ETERNITY.

Truth, thou untainted one, O! tell me where
Thy shrine is raised, that I may worship there?
Stands it north, east, west, south;—above, below;—
In the throng'd city, or where hermits bow?
Can'st tell me, man? What, answer me not one?
Is it, alas! then found in Heav'n alone?
Proclaim it through the Universe, forsooth,
Jehovah, God of Love, is God of Truth;
That Truth, existent with eternity,
Was cherished before man began to be,
And is an attribute of Deity.

MAN'S LITTLENESS.

When Man presumes with Heaven to raise his voice,
The finite creature but himself destroys;
Even as a pebble dash'd against a rock
Rebounds in scatter'd fragments with the shock.

THE RAISING OF THE DEAD.

The world was now a universal tomb,
And man, in death-repose, prepar'd for doom;
And silence, deep and awful, o'er the earth,
Reigning as sound had never there gone forth;
Whilst one unvarying, but mysterious light,
Veiling the lamps of Heaven by day and night,
Gleam'd like a meteor round the universe,
As if it lay beneath some deadly curse.
The winds, so restless once, had ceas'd to blow,
And the broad waters or to ebb or flow:
Both seem'd to wait, as 'twere instinctively,
The marvel of some wond'rous mystery.
No living thing the glazed sea disturb'd;
The baseless sands no longer were perturb'd;
No more the eagle with a fearless flight
Spread its broad wings to near the solar light,
As if it sought than man a brighter day,
But lifeless in its mountain eyrie lay,

Where, with a smothering force, its parent breast,
In a death-struggle had its younglings prest;
No more the sea-birds from the rocky cliff
Scream'd at the nearing of the fowler's skiff:
Death was upon them with an icy hand,
And they lay strewn and withering on the strand;
Or in a cavern-rent had found their graves,
Or sunk for ever in the tideless waves—
Where the proud Sea-queen, with her canvass bent,
As if upon some distant voyage sent,
Courts the repelling breeze with drooping sail,
That once had quiver'd to the sweeping gale—
In loneliness, and threat'ning quick decay,
Without a hand to track her devious way;
No longer boastful of her peopled deck,
She lays as listless as a rock-bound wreck,
A dreary sea-bas'd tomb, or charnel-house,
Where haggard death had held a last carouse.
And the broad forest, leafless with decay,
And beast and bird and reptile mingling lay
Upon the herbless ground; no living thing
Essay'd from thence on foot or poised wing;
The stagnant lake betray'd no signs of life,
But seem'd as if for dissolution rife;

And where the busy millions once had trod,
And Princes rul'd them with imperious nod,
In mazy town or city, all was still:
No tongue to tell, no hand to do their will.
Their palaces in gorgeous pomp arose,
But lo! their tenants slept their last repose;
For not a living sound was heard to fall
Upon the marble stair or tap'stried wall;
'Twas a world's dissolution, and to death,
All that had life had yielded up their breath,
And, ta'en in sudden peril, myriads lay
In crowded court and square and paved way;
Hurried, unshriv'd, to their eternal doom,
And mould'ring, now, without a shroud or tomb.
The last survivor was a man of strength,
Who struggl'd long, but was subdu'd at length;
Who knelt and pray'd and wept, as gazing round
Upon his fellows prostrate o'er the ground:
Some, in despair, had set their features hard;
Some look'd towards Heav'n in confident reward;
But all were dead save him—he would controul
The quick'ning pulse, that strove to free his soul
From its frail bondage: wrestling wild with death,
He for a time withheld his fleeting breath,

And rent the earth,—and strove to hide him there,
From the dread summons to Creation's bier;
But as he struggled thus his life to save,
He made himself the dreaded thing—a Grave;
And, dust to dust, behold humanity
Yielded to death the fearful victory.
And the gaunt tyrant seem'd as if astride
The universe he stood, in sullen pride,
Smiling in ghastly triumph o'er the scene,
As if eternal conqu'ror he had been;
Till a soul-thrilling, life-inspiring sound,
Burst from the clouds and shriv'd him to the ground:
Herald of Judgment—and celestial light
Op'd the broad gates of Heav'n's eternal height,
Revealing Christ upon His awful throne,
With hosts of Saints and Angels round him prone,
In glory clad, unspeakably divine,
Such as, eternal Heaven, alone is thine,
Waiting his bidding. Then was Death o'ercome;
Then op'd the grave and rent the marble tomb;
Then was the mighty raising of the dead;
Then incorruption frail corruption clad;
And thunders roll'd, and lightnings went and came,
And the earth trembled at Jehovah's name,

As the archangel, with divine behest,
Prepar'd on high the mansions of the blest,
And led them where their Saviour bade them come,
The welcome guests of His eternal home.
But, lo! the deadly wicked, who denied
The saving grace and pow'r of Him that died
Upon the Cross,—contemn'd th' Almighty wrath,—
Lightnings did suddenly their bodies scath;
As burn'd their eye-balls unassuag'd by tears;
As maledictions sounded in their ears;
No tongue to bless them, or with pitying strain
Pour balmy consolation o'er their pain;
They were cast down, as from a fearful height,
To depths obscur'd by one eternal night:
A dread abyss, where, from a fiery throne,
Their tempter mock'd each agonizing groan
With sullen laughter! Hunger, thirst, and fire
Wasted their blood, but life could not expire:
Eternal now, their flesh they wailing rend,
Gnashing their teeth in torments without end:
But Heav'n, how peaceful thine eternal reign,
Where kindred spirits meet in joyous vein,

In presence of their God; whose glorious face
Diffuses life and love through ev'ry space;
Whose words dissolve like honey on the ears
Of all who dwell in his exalted spheres,
With such surpassing melody, that, lo!
The angels list with wonder as they flow
Out-pouring benisons of heav'nly praise
Upon the heads of all, whose righteous ways
And lively faith in Christ's atoning blood
Had sav'd them from the life-embittering flood.
In beauteous regions of eternal day,
Where Martyrs, Saints, and Angels ever stray,
They walk in glory, and in love rejoice,
And, lo! are blest by ev'ry tongue and voice.
Such as no eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,
But only tongues prophetic have declar'd
In Holy Writ—Such is the sacred place
Where men with angels mingle face to face;
Where from His throne, sublime to angels' sight,
Jesus each bosom fills with pure delight;
Nor trembling hope have they, nor burning fear,
But all is peace and love—for God is there.

AUTUMNAL BEAUTY.

Composed, extempore, in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge.

WHERE drooping willows lap the languid stream,
When golden Autumn shakes her rustling wings,
And o'er the verdant turf her lustre flings,
Oh! how delightful 'tis to lie and dream!
So rich, so varied the surrounding scene;
This ting'd with yellow, that with lake and green:
Enchanting—all is one continued view
Of loveliness, sublimely just and true:
Come hither, ye who blend the tints of art;
Ye who would paint as Nature loves to glow;
'Tis only she the secret can impart,
And all the truth you vainly seek bestow:
She taught a Claude to charm the gazing throng,
And pour'd her treasures o'er a Thomson's song!

FINIS.

LH
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